

THE CANDY STORE

by

Shannon Burke & Stephen Gaghan

June 29th, 2012

I believe, as Lenin said, that this revolutionary
chaos may yet crystallize into new forms of life.

--Mikhail Gorbachev

CANDY STORE - CONTENTS:

1. Notes Toward a Conditional Notion of Time
2. X -- YOU ARE HERE
3. Tacitly Understood Things That Should Never Be Vocalized
4. *JOHN 15:13*
5. THE BANK

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

POV UP - FLUFFY WHITE CLOUDS AGAINST DEEP BLUE SKY.

SUPER: Notes Toward a Conditional Notion of Time

Amidst the clouds drifting, forming, changing shapes.

As CRIME SCENE SOUNDS fade up from far away, a YOUNG MEDIC appears in frame, looking down to lens.

YOUNG MEDIC
DOA? Is this a DOA?

An EXPERIENCED MEDIC now appears, looking down, considering.

EXPERIENCED MEDIC
What do you think? 7th floor.

YOUNG MEDIC
Roof makes it eight.

Experienced Medic reaches down toward lens, feels around.
Hand comes back with blood.

EXPERIENCED MEDIC
C2 and C3. Look at that head.

A COP APPEARS. This is DAVIS --

DAVIS
What'd I tell you? Rule of Five. Full
Neve Campbell.

EXPERIENCED MEDIC
We're calling it. Time of death. Four
thirty two.

DAVIS, 40's, Haitian-American, moves like an ex-athlete or maybe an ex ex-athlete, makes a note of the time. Turns to a younger officer, MAHONEY, who's trying not to be bothered by what he sees.

DAVIS
Get the suicide form.
(beat)
Get the form, Mahoney.

Mahoney just staring at the dead guy.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
It's 17BA. Beneath the life ring.

WIDE - ON THE STREET - LATER

The COPS mill around the cars. Someone's gotten a box of fried chicken, which Davis eyes, deciding against. In the distance Mahoney, the rockie, is left watching the body.

COP

Davis, heard about your kid. Shit.
She talking down to you yet?

DAVIS

Yet? All she does.

Some laughs. But from Davis's voice, obvious pride.

COP

(to another cop)
His kid got into Columbia University.
Got in everywhere.

ANOTHER COP

Davis's kid? Davis, you gonna have to
work 'til you're a hundred and fifty
to pay for that shit.

DAVIS

Two words: full ride. Every one a you
idiots should raise a fencer.

ANOTHER COP

A what?

A passing cop picks up a drumstick.

PASSING COP

En garde motherfucker.

INT./EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Davis driving. Mahoney rides shotgun. Davis has forgotten the last job already. The rookie hasn't. Davis puts the cruiser in neutral or it stalls.

DAVIS

Me? I got like one more year and I'm
out. Get my eighty percent pension.
Don't get greedy. Maybe I open a
catering company, maybe teach tennis
in the park. Maybe I just go out to
the beach and feed the fucking
seagulls. But it won't involve me
driving around. Tell you that right
now. I may never get in an automobile
again.

MAHONEY

We coulda saved that guy.

DAVIS

Not our job, Mahoney.

Out the window half-demolished brownstones. A sign promises *SEXY GLASS CUBES*, with graffiti over, "RIP RENT CONTROL."

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Saw someone chained to a backhoe here last week. Chained to the thing like Prometheus to his rock.

Mahoney has no comment.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Fuck an Indian they call it manifest destiny; fuck a negro it's called eminent domain.

MAHONEY

Shoulda gone up there.

DAVIS

You know why they call 'em jumpers? Because they jump. And when they jump, they land on people. Happens all the time, but you don't read it in the papers. Learn the procedure, the regulations, the forms, which always come back to bite you in the ass later.

(beat)

Wanna know how many times I've used this?

(pats his holster)

Zero. Zero times.

MAHONEY

You proud of that?

DAVIS

Yes, I am.

MAHONEY

Want my opinion?

DAVIS

Sure.

MAHONEY

I think not giving a fuck is contagious.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Seven two Charlie.

Davis gets to the radio first.

DAVIS
Seven two Charlie.

DISPATCH
*You ready for this. 50 43rd Street.
That's a warehouse. We got a call for
'blood curdling screams.'*

EXT. WAREHOUSES ON DOCKS -- NIGHT

The cruiser idles outside a warehouse complex with a closed electric gate in a rundown industrial area. No activity at the warehouse.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
*Witness states, in quotes, she heard
'blood curdling screams.'*

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Davis and Mahoney staring at the deserted scene. No idea where the SCREAMS may have come from. Davis on RADIO --

DAVIS
(to dispatch)
You got a callback on that?

DISPATCH
Pay phone. Caller didn't ID.

Davis puts the radio down.

DAVIS
We got nothing here.

MAHONEY
Right, we got nothing. Because we're outside. The sounds came from inside. Inside the warehouse.

DAVIS
'Blood curdling screams.' That warehouse, these buildings here, all owned by Transnistrians, who snatched it from the Albanians. You know how you get something away from an Albanian? Kill all the Albanians.
(beat)
(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

The Haitians pushed out the
Jamaicans. The Dominicans pushed out
the Haitians. The Russians pushed out
the Dominicans. The Albanians pushed
out the Russians. And then the
Transnistrians pushed out the
Albanians.

Mahoney makes a jack off hand motion.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Anonymous caller. Hang-up. No call
back. And what do you hear now?

Davis lowers both windows. They listen. A LONG SILENCE.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Nothing. Nothing is what you hear.

Just then the ELECTRIC GATE at an old warehouse begins to
RATTLE as it slowly SLIDES OPEN. NOTHING IN SIGHT.

UNTIL... A GRAY MERCEDES 600, the whale with the V-12, dark
tinted windows, hood flags fluttering, pulls out of the
warehouse, turns out the gate, starts onto the block.

MAHONEY

Pursue.

DAVIS

For what? *Driving in vicinity of a
blood-curdling scream?*

(beat)

Diplomatic plates. Little fucking
flags on the front of a hundred fifty
thousand dollar vehicle.

MAHONEY

Pursue, you fucking pussy.

DAVIS

Anonymous call with no callback.
Don't you listen?

MAHONEY

Are you a cop? Even a little bit?

Davis hesitates, glares at Mahoney --

DAVIS

Goddammit --

Davis reaches for a switch, flicks the BUBBLE LIGHTS ON, and
pulls out after the Merc 600.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Hello IAB, we heard blood curdling
screams.
(into radio)
72 David 82 with visual on POI. Will
advise.

DISPATCH
Roger that.

Davis follows the MERCEDES through the darkened silent
waterfront. The Merc doesn't slow down, doesn't speed up.

DAVIS
Diplomatic plates. No probable. Hours
of paperwork.

Still the Merc cruises. Mahoney reaches down and gooses the
SIREN. The Mercedes doesn't slow. Then finally begins to slow
and stop. Sits there, idling. A beat.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm at the driver's shoulder. You're
30 degrees off the rear wheel.

EXT. V-12 MERCEDES - NIGHT

Davis and Mahoney walk slowly toward the Mercedes. Davis
stops. Mahoney stops. Davis UNSNAPS HIS HOLSTER. Mahoney
unsnaps his.

DAVIS
Thirty degrees.

Davis knocks on the driver's side window. A long beat. Then
the glass goes down, revealing the driver, a TARTAR-LOOKING
GUY in an ill-fitting suit and reflector shades.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
License and registration.

DRIVER (TRANSNISTRIAN DIALECT)
I have diplomatic exception from
Transnistria. Important diplomat is
passenger.

DAVIS
I don't have any idea what the fuck
you're saying. License and
registration.

Davis tilts his head. He can't see in the back. Mahoney has
crept forward, is trying to look in.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Behind the wheel. Thirty degrees,
Mahoney.

Mahoney reluctantly backs up a few steps.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
IDs of everyone in the car. Do you
understand. *I.D.*

DRIVER
(heavy accent)
We are diplomats of esteemed trade
partner.

The driver now opens the glove box.

DAVIS
Hands where I can see. Hands.

The driver says SOMETHING IN RUSSIAN to the back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
No talking. In back. License. Window
down.

The driver has a DIPLOMATIC LICENSE. Davis looks at the
picture on the license, the NAME: TULCHENKIN.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Charles Bronson-looking motherfucker.
(to driver)
Step out of the vehicle, sir. Show me
your hands.

Davis sees Mahoney has crept up again, out of position.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Behind the rear wheel, Mahoney.
(to the Driver)
Step out of the vehicle now.

Mahoney now steps to the side window.

MAHONEY
Hey --

Mahoney taps on the glass with his ring - TAP TAP TAP.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Man said get out of the vehicle.

DAVIS
Mahoney, get back to position.

But Mahoney puts his hand on the rear door handle and YANKS THE DOOR OPEN. Then from inside, MUFFLED SHOTS OF A SILENCER--

MAHONEY'S GUN ARM SHATTERS. He's hit again below his VEST. Another center VEST. Large caliber. He's spun around and knocked on his butt--

MAHONEY
(late)
Gun --

AS SILENCED GUNFIRE comes AT DAVIS from the DRIVER'S WINDOW, Davis diving behind a row of parked cars. Davis hiding. Hears voices in RUSSIAN. Hears MAHONEY ---

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Help me. Davis...

Davis presses back even further. Davis sees feet getting out of the Mercedes. Sees them FANNING OUT. He crabs along the edge of a van, then freezes like a rabbit by the wheel.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Davis... Help me...

Feet coming his way, Davis edges around the front, trying to press into the metal, breath catching, pale. He's scared.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Davis...

Davis HEARS SOFT VOICES IN RUSSIAN. Hears them walk away.

TWO GUNSHOTS FIRE in succession. Sound of shattering glass. Davis FLINCHING. Then four QUICK EXPLOSIONS. The sound of a body HOLLOW THUDDING on metal. A TRUNK SLAMMED.

The V-12 ROARS past his hiding spot. Davis waits another moment then very carefully moves out into the open.

His SHITBOX CRUISER RESTS ON FOUR FLAT TIRES. He sees they've shot out the driver's side window, shot the VIDEO CAMERA and RADIO and COMPUTER.

Davis moves around the car, looking for Mahoney. Realizes they've TAKEN MAHONEY.

And alone in the street, Davis slowly lifts his RADIO.

DAVIS
72 David! Ten Thirteen! Ten Thirteen!
43rd and First Avenue. Officer down.
And missing. Ah MOTHERFUCK--

CUT TO:

CREDITS.

THE CANDY STORE

TITLE FADES as the SOUND OF BREATHING rises, panicked breathing, quick and shallow, over BLACK... The screen now seems to slide left a few inches, a SEAM OF WHITE LIGHT illuminating your theater, uncomfortably bright as a DEEP VOICE WITH A NIGERIAN ACCENT begins--

CHIDDYBANG (O.S.)
I just want to say before we get down
to it that I appreciate the element
of empowerment that is tied up in the
world's oldest profession.

INT. CELL - THE CANDY STORE - DAY

A HATCH OPENING. Blinding light. A tray of food placed on a shelf. THE HATCH SHUTS, leaving the SEAM OF LIGHT.

The BREATHING PRESENCE moves to the crack. It's a YOUNG EASTERN EUROPEAN WOMAN, beaten, beautiful, and somehow completely undefeated.

Her red-rimmed eye goes to the seam. Her eye stares out, blinks once... THIS IS "CHERRY-ON-TOP."

HER POV -- A BIRCH FOREST.

All white trunks and dark shadows. From far away, SOUNDS OF SEX RISE... and then LABORED SEX DIALOGUE --

JOHN (O.S.)
God, you're so hot so fucking hot.

INT. "BIRCHES" - THE CANDY STORE - DAY

Cherry's POV of a mural on the ceiling of a room in a whorehouse known as *The Candy Store*. Her eyes looking up.

PULLING UP TO REVEAL a JOHN on top of her, his heavy tired flesh smothering her. Then HIS FACE -- fat, balding, beard -- like a nice teacher--

JOHN

Stick your finger in my ass, stick it in...

Rapid DISSOLVES of FACES ABOVE HER. DOZENS of them, all types and sizes of men.

And now we meet "DAN," 40, rich, so rich, working away, PAY ATTENTION TO DAN, loving his own style, pleasure and pride on his face: the whore is going to come; I am the lizard king.

CHERRY

Oh... Dan.

His contorted face as he finishes. She's looking at a postcard - GOLDEN BELL TOWERS OF AN ORTHODOX CHURCH - stuck in the corner of a mirror.

INT. BATEROOM - DAY

Smoke rising from foil. Cherry chases the dragon. Stands on a toilet in slanting light. Blows smoke at a high window.

CHIDDYBANG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...I appreciate that a person could become confused as to the purpose of our endeavor...

INT. LOUNGE - THE CANDY STORE- DAY

Cherry, now dressed in a flimsy, sexy sheath with strappy stilettos is led down a hall and into an extraordinary bordello lounge that falls away into shadows.

CHIDDYBANG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That maybe we're a sort of incubator designed to launch a thousand little female entrepreneurs out into the world and though I understand it, I want to assure you no matter how intoxicated one may become on this narrative of empowerment, nothing could be further from the truth.

Cherry is placed firmly on a stool pulled up to a banquette. Three vodkas catching pencil spots. And then CHIDDYBANG, 40's, a natty NIGERIAN with a country house in Quogue, holding an iPad, leans into the light, while THREE OTHERS remain in shadows. Cherry is afraid.

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)

People look at me sometimes and I can tell they can't tell how much I care, how much pride I take in what I do, my *metier* if you will. I don't think of myself as solely a pimp, I'm also a sex trafficker, a phrase I recognize as having accumulated, how shall I put it, *negative brand value*, but by which I mean I control both the means of production and distribution.

(beat)

So I essentially manufacture you in the broke-ass economies of Eastern Europe and Africa and then I distribute you into an extremely competitive market where my advantage is the good will derived from years of delivering a high-quality product, fairly priced. So my question is *why?* Why Cherry?

CHERRY

What? What are you asking --?

CHIDDYBANG

I create you, name you, sell you. I provide for you, protect you, care about you. So why do you try to fuck me in the ass? Why do you strap on an eight inch black dildo and try to ass rape the fuck out of me?

CHERRY

No... No, I would never.

Chiddybang now taps his iPad, illuminating his face. He pulls out reading glasses. He reads --

CHIDDYBANG

Cherry69 @ Eros dot Brooklyn dot net.
Hmm what could this be?

CHERRY

I can explain --

CHIDDYBANG

Shut your fucking mouth.

(continues reading)

*I am a beautiful sexy independent
Latvia escort girl in Brooklyn, N.Y.
What you see is what you get. I love
a sweet gentlemen.*

CHERRY

It's a mistake. I made a mistake.

CHIDDYBANG

I make sure that you never forgets me. I'm Latvia, I speak in following languages: English. My Height: 175. My Weight: 53. I'm 24 years old. My Measurements: 90-60-90.

(looks at her)

See right here I want to talk about professionalism. 90-60-90? I mean what the fuck is that? You say you speak English but your measurements are in what? German? It's confusing. Last update: one week ago. Views: 869. My my my.

Chiddybang has killed girls for just this.

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)

So my guess is a treacherous, duplicitous ho such as yourself must be wondering right now why am I not dead? This must just be perplexing the hell out of you?

(beat)

Answer is two words: these motherfuckers.

One of the hidden MEN now leans forward into the light: COLONEL BOGROV, trim late 40's, ex-KGB, ex-SVR, aka "BLACK ZEGNA," on account of his loyalty to the venerable clothier.

BLACK ZEGNA

You will come with us and do as we ask and in return we will --

CHIDDYBANG

Let me reiterate a relevant statement if you don't mind? You don't got to explain dick to a ho. 'Cause a ho knows what a ho knows. And this ho with her little ho notice up on www.ho.com knows her motherfucking unidentifiable body should be in the scrub bushes on the side of a deserted road near the beach where I take my family on weekends in the summertime, decomposing into chalk white bones picked on by crabs and seagulls.

She glances at Chiddybang. She glances at Black Zegna. She rubs her feet in strappy stilettos. Her feet are dirty.

CHERRY

What is trick?

Chiddybang is UP ON HIS FEET --

CHIDDYBANG

You were on your way to chalk white bones bitch and seashells, instead you on your way to freedom. There's the motherfucking trick --

INT. THE CANDY STORE - DAY

Crazy high-heels, baby doll revealing Cherry passing through the foyer with Black Zegna and TULCHENKIN (the driver) and their muscle, like an NFL linebacker, THE GIANT OF TIRASPOL.

Cherry notices a SILVER ATTACHE in the Giant's left hand, notices it's handcuffed to his wrist.

CHIDDYBANG (O.S.)

Yeah we good. Don't take wooden nickels. You always have spot here. Til you don't. Smile.

He snaps her photo with a WHITE ANDROID with a HELLO KITTY sticker on the back. Dangles her phone --

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)

Little entrepreneur, well, well.

Taking her phone, Cherry passes out through the virtual airlock of an entrance, the outer door is opening, blowing out in the sunlight, every girl watching her go.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Dark, tinted windows, soft leather. Tulchenkin driving, the Giant riding shotgun. Cherry and Zegna in the back.

BLACK ZEGNA

Phone.

She reluctantly opens her purse and hands over the white Android. Zegna passes it to the Giant to hold.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

(Russian)

Do you mind if we speak English?

(MORE)

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

If someday you travel a great deal,
as I do, you will discover this once
great country is now like Poland in
the 1970's. And my English
(switching to English)
is rusty. So! Welcome, Cherry-On-Top.
You must be wondering, *why am I so
fortunate? And conversely what do
they want from me?* Mr. Chiddybang
uses his blunt object --

Zegna holds up his fist--

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

With vigor, but I have found after
much trial and error the carrot is
more enticing than the whip. And what
might this carrot be? It is a string
of numbers, nine to be precise.

FROM THE ATTACHE a crisp new SOCIAL SECURITY CARD.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Voila. A *Social Security number*.

And an American BIRTH CERTIFICATE and valid PASSPORT.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Freedom in this country. Insofar as
class and station allow, of course.

She reaches for the IDs but Zegna holds them out of reach. He
now turns a Sony Netbook toward her. And we see a frozen
image --"DAN," THE JOHN, who is actually, "DAVE MOORE -
SENIOR MANAGING DIRECTOR, FIRST ATLANTIC CAPITAL."

DAVE MOORE (ON BLOOMBERG)

The smartest minds in America run
hedge funds and they have been buying
gold as a hedge against inflation. I
am not saying we are *replacing the
Fed*, but I do believe that profit-
minded individuals will always
perform more efficiently than
government.

BLACK ZEGNA

You know this man, yes?

CHERRY

Dan the Man.

BLACK ZEGNA

"Dan" has requested you for triumphal party at his bank. You will be concubine and perform small task for me. After which... freedom.

The Merc stops at a boutique, *BROOKLYN COLETTE*.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

But this is America so first you shop. Push tray slowly, sample many delicacies. The goal is admittedly a conundrum: *sexy banker*.

INT. BROOKLYN COLETTE - DAY

Cherry trying on Prada outfits. Checking herself in the mirror. A transformation. For a moment the girl in the fairy tale, the Giant guarding her closely. She twirls --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. SHOREFRONT YMCA - DAY

LETTERS ON A ROOF - YMCA. A happy place. ESL classes. MOVIE NITE: *Soviet TV Commercials of the 1960's*.

JUAN (O.S.)

So cups come in size small, medium, large, and Russian. Which is like a cantaloupe.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - YMCA - DAY

Dollying past straining faces in a temple of powerlifting. An old-school clean and jerk KAZAKH prepares to throw up 450 pounds. He has HUGE BALLS. Into FRAME comes JUAN, 20's, Paraguayan, nodding subtly to the huge cup --

JUAN

That's regulation right there.
Grapefruit? Nope you ain't Russian.

Panning past powerlifters ANOTHER FACE enters frame. This is SWANN. Pushing a towel cart, WATCHING SOMETHING -- THROUGH A WINDOW two RUSSIANS beside fancy cars talking.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Then you get the unitard and cut the sleeves off, 'cause that's just too much unitard.

The Kazakh gets the bar up, screaming, as Swann helps an ELDERLY MAN in black socks finish a light set.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Now you're ready for some weight
lifting. With your cantaloupe balls
and Moscow Speedo.

The Kazakh drops the bar like he tossed a Prius. Throws a
sweaty towel which lands at Swann's feet. You get the feeling
Swann has seen a lot, maybe everything except some fat Kazakh
expecting him to pick up his sweat towel.

A little sign above him reads: "WIPE MACHINES AFTER USE."

COGNITIVE THERAPIST (V.O.)

How's the job?

EXT. VETERANS ADMINISTRATION - FORT HAMILTON - DAY

The big V.A. at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, near the Verrazano-
Narrows Bridge. Hospital. Outpatient. Lots of VETS crossing.

INT. V.A. PHYSICAL THERAPY - FORT HAMILTON - DAY

CABLE TV runs day and night. Swann shuffles cards as a
COGNITIVE THERAPIST looks on.

SWANN

It's temporary.

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

And the spells?

SWANN

I have them.

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

Have you been trying the breathing?

SWANN

Breathing.

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

From the diaphragm.

SWANN

Breathing?

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

Sometimes attacking the problem is
the problem. You gotta come sideways.

SWANN

(beat)

You're nuts.

Swann goes on shuffling, making a Queen appear and disappear..

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

Okay, I want you to picture 2:15 on a clock. Now count backwards by seven minutes.

SWANN

2:08... 2:01... 2... 2... 2...

The card shuffling STOPS. Racking his brain for the answer that isn't there. He won't give up. Sweat breaking out.

SWANN (CONT'D)

2:08...2:01... 1:5...5... 2:01...

COGNITIVE THERAPIST

Your brain used to go on the highway. Now it's taking surface streets. Give it time to map the new route. Relax. And when you least expect it-- ta da.

INT. LARGE MERCEDES - EARLY EVENING

POV through front windshield as Brooklyn passes. Cherry in new clothes, looking out.

CHERRY

I would like expensive cigarettes.

The Mercedes pulls up at a specialty bodega, *CIGARETTES OF THE WORL*, the "D" missing from the sign. She opens the door.

EXT./INT. BODEGA - EARLY EVENING

Cherry walks toward the store. Enters. Takes in the overwhelming variety of things, and Swann, just another ARMY VET, olive-drab shirt-jac over flannel, drinking a Baltika Light, shooting the shit in Spanish with the BODEGA OWNER.

BODEGA OWNER

I heard the V.A. has heated pools and massage rooms and spa shit.

SWANN

(re: soccer on TV)

Messi. Man never takes a dive. All time best. All time.

Cherry waits. Catches her image in a CCTV camera. Almost doesn't recognize herself.

BODEGA OWNER

I heard it's gold plated. Like a five star resort. And it's free. Free free. No co-pay? No hidden BS?

SWANN

Man, watch the soccer. Why you always asking me questions?

Swann checking out Cherry surreptitiously.

BODEGA OWNER

I'd go get blown up if I knew it'd pay for my kid's braces. They don't give out ponies over there, do they?

SWANN

Yeah, get titanium mesh in your skull they give you a pony.

Cherry now interjects ---

CHERRY

Two box Gee-tane.

The owner puts two boxes of the French cigarettes on the counter. Cherry pays with a crisp fifty.

Her POV of the shirt-jac, a name tag: "SWANN, MAY I ASSIST YOU?" TILT UP to Swann's impassive eyes looking at her.

And then she's on her way out, passing through the door, and find Swann and the Bodega Owner staring after her.

BODEGA OWNER

Save your paychecks, my friend.

SWANN (ENGLISE)

Both our paychecks. For like a year.

Swann takes the rest of his six pack and exits the bodega.

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY STREET - EVENING

A stray dog trots across a street, looks like a wolf. Find Swann crossing, entering a low-rent building.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

An apartment door in a depressing hallway. Swann slides his hand up to the corner of the door frame. A HUMAN HAIR makes contact with the door and the frame, unbroken. He checks the hallway both directions.

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Swann enters, leaves door ajar. THEN CHECKS - Kitchen.
Bathroom. Closet. CLOSES front door with a SOFT CLICK.

ANGLE - A CHAIR AT A WINDOW. The SOUND of SHUFFLING CARDS.

SWANN'S POV - A ROW HOUSE UP THE STREET

A RED QUEEN appears and disappears. THE GREY MERCEDES pulls
up in front of the row house.

He watches CHERRY get out, followed by THE GIANT, who checks
the street before moving inside the nondescript house.

Swann MARKS THE TIME in a notebook. Drinks his Baltika light.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - EVENING

Zegna, Tulchenkin wait with a RUSSIAN QUANT GUY in a green
eye shade, who sits at a bank of monitors in what appears to
be a trader's office. The Giant ushers Cherry into the room.

QUANT GUY

You may recognize this as perfect
facsimile of a trading desk. Familiar
to Masters of Universe world over.
And facsimile of I.T. system of Dave
Moore...

(winks at Cherry)

Dan the Man. Who has control of the
world's largest gold vault. Pop quiz:
is that our interest here today?
Answer: yes, it is!

Taps more keys. ON MONITORS, a FIRST ATLANTIC FEED, like live
video chat, except it's a VAULT OF GOLD.

QUANT GUY (CONT'D)

(to Zegna)

They make it easy to get gold in, but
verrry hard to leave- land war in
Asia anyone - mechanical, not digital
scales, analog security, alarms,
cavalry, all for way out --

BLACK ZEGNA

Let me worry about that.

QUANT GUY

Aye aye, boss man, need-to-know basis
here --

CHERRY

Who are you?

QUANT GUY

Just a little mouse who wants into the First Atlantic house. And once you have incapacitated horny banker you will use his eyeball, his hand, and his swipe card, and I will scurry inside.

CHERRY

Incapacitated?

Tulchenkin has a CHANEL LIPSTICK. Shows the red gloss tip, then spins another wheel. A MICRO NEEDLE rises from the end.

TULCHENKIN

Paralyzing toxin. Twelve hours trapped in own body.

He makes a jabbing motion.

TULCHENKIN (CONT'D)

In neck.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Cherry is ushered INTO A ROOM. The LOCK BOLTS on the outside. She slides down against the door in relief. Through the door--

VOICES (O.S.) (RUSSIAN)

Maybe we can have her... Before they kill her... What a waste.

She tries the door. Locked. There are bars on the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

The STATUE OF LIBERTY looming. Find Swann on a pedestrian pier tossing some Danish to seagulls. A nondescript guy, "JIM," is at the railing with him and although they don't look like it, they're talking.

JIM

How are you, Swann? Swann, I always liked that name.

SWANN

Yeah, it works. Where did you come from anyway?

Jim waves his hand in an abstract way.

JIM

Around. All the same protocol. As you're, of course, aware.

SWANN

I appreciate your meeting me.

JIM

I meant what I said, anything you need. Just call.

Whatever Swann is about to ask matters to him a great deal.

SWANN

I want back in.

Jim exhales, watches a ferry pull out for the statue.

SWANN (CONT'D)

I'm not cut out for civilian life. I want my job back.

JIM

It's not that kind of job. You know that. At 100 percent, it's difficult--

SWANN

I can do it as well as I ever could.

Jim faces him. It's not easy for him to say this.

JIM

I don't believe that's true.

Swann gathers himself.

SWANN

There are 138 people on the ferry that just left. 42 are American. The others are from Brazil, Germany, India, Russia, and the Netherlands. Of those, three are military. Two are ex-military. There are 15 taxis in line, strangely six are driven by Palestinians. An AWACS plane modified for radiation just banked to head back uptown and it's not going to rain this afternoon.

JIM

Your abilities aren't the issue.

SWANN

There's a safe house off Neptune in Sheepshead Bay. I'm watching it. All sorts of ex-SVR role players.

JIM

That would be *Brooklyn*?

(beat)

Not your concern anymore. Stop hanging around Russian spooks. Maybe move somewhere without any Russians. Not sure where that would be exactly. Russia maybe.

SWANN

(more agitated)

I saw the Giant of Tiraspol. What's that guy doing here? And I think I saw Tulchenkin and if he's here --

Suddenly everything starts to go SIDEWAYS, the STEP SHUTTER, the effect of TIME CHUNKING EVER SLOWER.

A NEW ANGLE

Swann now sitting on a bench. Jim beside him as he slowly comes back from the seizure.

JIM

That's the issue. Even if it weren't, nobody trusts you. It's a zero fuck-up game and you used yours up.

On Swann we see defeat. And Jim sees it. Like having to shoot a horse, but Jim has shot more than a few horses in his day.

JIM (CONT'D)

You get to have a life now, right? So go have it. Can't be all bad. You okay getting back?

Swann staring straight ahead as Jim walks away toward camera.

CUT TO:

INT. SEOREFRONT YMCA - OFFICE - DAY

VAIN UKRAINIAN (O.S.)

I don't need this shit. I don't need this shit. I go in for National. National with no buyout.

A VAIN UKRAINIAN MANAGER in a tight T-shirt paces in front of his lined-up staff. Juan leans over, speaks to Swann --

JUAN

Dude is wearing hemp shoes. Wearing weed on his feet.

VAIN UKRAINIAN

Here is post on Yelp --

(reads on the screen)

There was one guy standing around and when I asked a towel boy if he ever did any work, the towel boy answered, "that guy? No way, he's the manager." I think I know who did it, but hope they have courage to come forward on own...

(glaring at Juan)

Okay, back to work. Even bad guy.

SWANN

I think I'm going to kill myself.

Juan sees how down Swann is.

JUAN

Hey. All right. Here's what. Didn't wanna have to, but we gotta go to Emergency Protocol.

(no reaction from Swann)

A Five Step Plan. But you gotta do all five. No skipping a step. It will require some half-truths, seamanship, and like thirty bucks. No going back once I tell you the plan or I have to kill you.

(beat)

One, fake an errand. Two, get a bunch of vodka and Orange Julius.

A MONTAGE: PUNCH CARDS IN A PUNCH MACHINE, IN LINE AT AN ORANGE JULIUS WINDOW, POURING VODKA INTO THE JULIUS. PULLING A ROWBOAT OUT FROM BEHIND AN EMPTY HOUSE...

JUAN (V.O.)

Three, steal a rowboat. Four, smoke out. Five, ogle the ladies in the warm sunshine.

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - DAY

Aerial of a ROWBOAT, tiny dot floating in the bay. Juan and Swann are sprawled out in it with giant Orange Julius cups. Juan is blissfully wasted.

SWANN

If you were meant to do one thing,
and one thing only, and it wasn't
possible any longer to do that thing,
what would you do?

JUAN

Whoa.

(beat)

I'd probably just smoke out. Pretend
I didn't want to do it in the first
place.

Swann watches a SLOW-MOVING PLANE banking high overhead.

As he stares the plane slowly fades, turning into a #2
floating in the sky. The 2 becomes an X as the sky turns dark
until the X is a slash in the darkness, bright light blasting
from behind it. As WORDS APPEAR --

Super: X - YOU ARE HERE.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Chaos. Davis's SHOT UP CAR, a DOZEN MORE COP CARS, a LADDER
TRUCK, AMBULANCES, everybody running around, on edge. People
who never get excited, now yelling and bouncing off each
other. SERGEANTS, DETECTIVES, all sorts of EXTRANEOUS
PERSONNEL. A POLICE CHOPPER in the sky. A NEWS CHOPPER. Looky-
loos from the neighborhood taking videos with their phones.

And Davis in a group of people who are asking him questions.

DAVIS

Driver's name was *Tulchenkin*. Long
hair. Looked like Charles Bronson in
Death Wish III. Weird accent.

SERGEANT

Anybody else?

DAVIS

Couldn't see.

SERGEANT

Description of vehicle, license
plate?

DAVIS

Big Mercedes. The whale. Four door.
Dark gray. Diplomatic plates.

Hear COPS REPEATING EVERYTHING into a RADIO and a DISPATCHER PUTTING IT BACK OUT... OVER EVERY RADIO.

COP
(into radio)
Gray four door Mercedes. Diplomatic plates. Driver named Tulchenkin. Looks like Charles Bronson.

SERGEANT
Which direction did they drive off.

DAVIS
Up 18th. May have turned on Atlantic.

COP
(into radio)
Turned right on Atlantic from 18th.

And now Davis and the cops are jumping into another cruiser. Which whips around and heads out that way. Lights flashing.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

From the police chopper, see A HUNDRED BUBBLE LIGHTS from all over Brooklyn coming this direction...

POLICE PILOT
(into radio)
Gray four door Mercedes. Checking Atlantic... not seeing it.

All sorts of CHATTER over the radio. Every cop and ambulance and fire truck in Brooklyn is looking for that Merc.

EXT. THE CANDY STORE - NIGHT

A SIGN READS: "Deface this wall YOU DIE." As a SPRAY CAN enters, WRITING MUERTO over "DIE" on the sign.

SHOSHANA (O.S.)
Uh, Sophie, they're coming--

SOPHIE, 17, skinny jeans, paint spattered boots, and a green army nap-sack with an Amadou Diallo patch square in the middle, "41 Shots," continues SPRAYING letters -- UNIONIZE SEX INDUSTRY WORKERS - across the brick.

Her FRIEND, SHOSHANA, a less serious but more overtly pretty girl of 17, is backing up, looking around the corner --

SHOSHANA (CONT'D)
Soph - seriously --

TWO OFF DUTY COPS, door guys, come down the sidewalk. And now Sophie starts backing up quickly. Her T-shirt says "Androgynous Dream."

OFF-DUTY COP
Come over here and talk to us for a minute.

SOPHIE
What do you want to talk about?

DOOR GUY
We want to talk about you drawing on our fucking wall.

She's backing up. And they're coming for her. And she backs right INTO SOMEONE ELSE -- It's Davis.

DAVIS (O.S.)
I got this one. She'll be scrubbing that graffiti off, don't you worry.

OFF-DUTY COP
Yeah. Okay. Okay. But Davis, our employer is not amused.

SOPHIE
Your employer is a pimp.

Davis is pulling Sophie down the street.

DAVIS
Self-expression. Ok. You push the dress code at school. Ok.

SOPHIE
Dad--

DAVIS
Hang out with that little anarchist or whatever she is.

SOPHIE
Christian, she's a Christian.

DAVIS
Whatever. Write for the school blog. Ok. Waste of time, but ok. Vandalism. Not ok.

SOPHIE
Sex trafficking. Right in our neighborhood. Actual sex slaves.
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Kept here so guys from Wall Street
can come over whenever they feel like
it and do them up the --

DAVIS
Hey -- Hey--!!

ANOTHER COP (O.S.)
Davis, we gotta go.

The CRUISER pulled-over. The Sergeant and other cops waiting.

SOPHIE
Yeah, Davis. You gotta go.

DAVIS
The word you're looking for is *Dad*
and my partner was just kidnapped so
get inside the fucking car.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Davis, Sophie, the other cops sweep into the precinct. A cop
is waiting with an ASIAN GUY. He shoves him forward --

COP
Is this him?

Davis shaking his head. Many things happening at once.

Another set of cops have another ASIATIC MAN who's been
beaten up. They push him forward.

COPS
Gray Merc. This him?

Davis shaking his head. All around get the sense that the
police force is in hunt mode. Davis steers Sophie to an out
of the way corner.

DAVIS
(to Sophie)
I know you got a calculus exam, and a
French paper due, I know that --

SERGEANT
Davis, I got his wife on the line. I
can tell her he's alive?

DAVIS
Yeah. He was alive.

SERGEANT

I'm trying to get off duty from the 73. The 75. Homeland pulled rank for some radiation scare BS.

LIEUTENANT

Try the 30. The 32. Davis, I want you here in the precinct. No talking to cameras.

Sophie observing all of this.

TECH (O.S.)

This is what we salvaged so far. I'll try to get more, of course.

A TECH GUY is working with the VIDEO FROM THE CRUISER.

ANGLE - VIDEO FROM DAVIS'S CRUISER - PROJECTED

The rear of the gray Mercedes. Slowly Davis enters frame toward the driver's side window. Mahoney slides in foreground off the rear passenger-side. Davis has ID. Then Mahoney shot, falling. And Davis diving out of screen.

Then the windshield takes a couple BULLETS -- BLAM BLAM --

SOPHIE watching, flinching.

ON THE VIDEO - WINDSHIELD NOW SPIDER-WEBBED

And then the DRIVER SIDE DOOR opens and out steps a short, powerful man. And from the rear, another man gets out.

Every COP IN THE STATION strains to ID THESE GUYS but the windshield is a translucent web.

They disappear out of frame. And we can hear MAHONEY --

MAHONEY (O.S.)

Help me... Davis... Help.

It's chilling. Hear RUSSIAN being spoken OS.

Then FOUR LOUD GUNSHOTS as the TIRES are SHOT. The SIDE WINDOW SHOT OUT. The RADIO SHOT. And finally the CAMERA --

Projection goes DARK, but you can HEAR MAHONEY STRUGGLING as he's GRABBED.

MAHONEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No... Davis...? Davis, help...

BODY ROUGHLY TOSSED. TRUNK SLAMS. The MERC THROTTLES AWAY.

SILENCE. An uncomfortably long beat before DAVIS returns.

DAVIS (O.S.)
72 David! Ten Thirteen! Ten Thirteen!

No one makes eye contact with Davis who slowly sits on the edge of a desk, his face burning.

TECH
We'll keep working on this.

Sophie feels intense anger, shame, and defensiveness for her father.

The Tech switches off the camera.

DAVIS
Just thought my kid shouldn't be an orphan. That's never far, you know.

TECH
Makes sense to me, Davis.

Davis sees his daughter looking at him. She looks away.

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUND OF WINTER WIND BLOWING ACROSS A STEPPE...

EXT. AIRPORT - ODESSA, UKRAINE - DAY

AIR FORCE THREE parked on a wintry runway in Odessa, the port city of the Ukraine.

Super: ODESSA, UKRAINE - NINE MONTHS EARLIER

A FIGURE in a fur hat makes his way up the stairs to the plane. A small entourage also in fur hats waits.

It's very cold.

INT. AIR FORCE THREE - DAY

Snow and cold follow TIMUR RAZORONOV, the first President of Independent Transnistria, into the plane. He takes off his hat respectfully, rubs his hands. Smiles

POV of assorted PRESIDENTIAL HANDLERS staring at him.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV
A great day for country. Imagine, to meet President of United States.
Timur Razoronov...

A HANDLER shakes his head.

HANDLER

The President isn't here, Sir. This is Air Force Three, which is...

(beat)

Secretary of Transportation.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

Secretary of Transportation?

HANDLER

Mr. Ray LaHood.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

Ray LaHood?

From behind, SECRETARY RAY LAHOOD is ushered into place next to Timur, who looks sideways to speak --

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (CONT'D)

Mr. Secretary LaHood, by recognizing Transnistria we will be authorized to receive loans from World Bank. Thanks from heart.

He pats his heart. They are in front of a Presidential Seal.
FLASH FLASH FLASH.

RAY LAHOOD

The USA cannot recognize you at this time. I'm sorry.

Handlers are already leading Secretary LaHood away.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

We must have the loans.

RAY LAHOOD

But we have signed an 8.7 million dollar deal to import Transnistrian-built tractors.

HANDLER

And we'll have an assortment of commemorative photos with the Secretary. In different sizes. This way, your Excellency.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

We gave away weapons so you would recognize! And now Moldova has cut off heating oil!

LaHood stops, seems to take pity on Timur.

RAY LAHOOD

The President looks forward to the day when America recognizes an independent Transnistria, but today Moldova is independent, the ally of Russia. And we need Russia on Iran.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

Iran? What about Iran? This is not about Iran. This is about deal. About fair. About we do our part of bargain, now you do your part.

But Secretary LaHood has vanished into some other part of the plane. A bunch of handlers stare.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (CONT'D)

We have no heat! Is winter!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRANSNISTRIAN COUNTRYSIDE - WINTER - DAY

Snow blankets everything. A white undulating landscape with ugly stumps where the birch trees have been cut.

A jeep divides the emptiness and pulls up in front of a desolate farmhouse.

COLONEL BOGROV, aka Black Zegna, approaches the farmhouse.

INT. SNUG STONE FARMHOUSE - DAY

A healthy RUSSIAN WIFE is in the kitchen cooking dinner. A fire in the hearth.

Beside the fire, we find BLACK ZEGNA telling a bedtime story to two apple-cheeked CHILDREN.

BLACK ZEGNA

Once upon a time there were two Cossacks. Both were brave and strong, but only one of them was lucky.

He looks up and smiles at his wife who is watching him with all the love a heart can hold.

AND THEN, BEFORE OUR EYES, IT ALL VANISHES...

The fire, the warmth, the wife, the children, the life... JUST SNUFFED OUT. And every single thing that could be burned for warmth has been burned.

Nothing is left. And we find Zegna standing there in his military topcoat. The wind whistles, the light is cold.

And out the window are THREE FRESH GRAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT - TRANSNISTRIA - DAY

Timur stokes a small fire in a huge hearth. Black Zegna watches him take a last log from a dwindling pile.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

In my opinion birch is the finest firewood in the world. Nothing burns like birch.

(places the log)

Of course, I prefer a birch forest, a shaded lane. Even a nice birch end table. And all of it, centuries worth of birch, is now gone. Only my shame and the winter remain.

He sits dejectedly, blaming himself for past decisions.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (CONT'D)

I met some fun people on holiday in Gstaad. Fun but serious people. Serious about things which in hindsight I did not know so much about.

IMAGES OF GSTAAD: TIMUR SNOWPLOWING; DRUNKEN FONDUE PARTY; DAVE MOORE SHUSHING EFFORTLESSLY, SMILING IN BOGNER.

DAVE MOORE (V.O.)

There's a new paradigm. The dream of an affordable home has become a reality for every American.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL "PALACE" - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A gilded hall. It's a First Atlantic "roadshow" for housing derivatives. DAVE MOORE, aka "Dan," the John, and FOUR OTHER BANKERS make a presentation to Timur and "advisers."

DAVE MOORE

With our proprietary formula for pricing, First Atlantic's *Domicile Long Fund* has returned 41% for each of the last six years.

SUPER: FIRST ATLANTIC "ROADSHOW" - TIRASPOL - 2006

DAVE MOORE (CONT'D)

There is no safer investment. U.S.
housing derivatives are the new gold
standard. Iceland's in. Greece.
Spain. NATO countries.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL "PALACE" - DAY (PRESENT)

An explosion of embers. Another log hitting the fire.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

The world as it turns out is rather
small and complicated. We are all
interconnected in ways we can barely
begin to comprehend.

(beat)

It is however clear that we bought
late into a bubble. And we were --
(switches to English)

Left holding bag.

Black Zegna has listened without movement.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (CONT'D)

Two weeks ago Dave Moore returned
with a new plan.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL "PALACE" - GILDED HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Same type of road show. Same bankers. Dave Moore brazenly
making a new pitch.

DAVE MOORE

In our opinion gold is going to five
thousand within three years. Ten
thousand if the USA attacks Iran.

Dave, a bon vivant and hedonist of the first order, is also a
great salesman. He slides a glossy brochure of the new vault
facilities at First Atlantic in Manhattan.

DAVE MOORE (CONT'D)

What First Atlantic is offering is
the opportunity to not only deposit
your gold with us at a competitive
rate, but to join us in leveraging
the gold across an entire new range
of asset class.

(MORE)

DAVE MOORE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Gold as it turns out is the new gold standard.

Timur, listening to this pitch, now leans over and listens to one of his advisers, then says to Dave in Russian --

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

I want to shoot you in the face and toss your body in a ditch.

Dave doesn't know what Timur has said, but continues amiably--

DAVE MOORE

Timur, I know you feel burned. I feel burned. I was burned. Just like you were. But I'm here to make it up, to get you in early on a significant new expansion of wealth. You're gonna hedge against inflation. You know you are. Let us put that hedge to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL "PALACE" - DAY (PRESENT)

Frost on the windows. Denuded forests beyond. Fire dwindling. Black Zegna watching Timur push aside a huge PORTRAIT OF TIMUR revealing a WALL SAFE.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV

We disarmed and our people froze. We made investments and our people froze. We begged for legitimacy and our people froze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD OF POPPIES - DAY

Guys in SPACE SUITS harvest bright POPPIES in a brightly-colored field. CHERNOBYL, the abandoned nuclear facility, looms in the distance.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (V.O.)

I have a new plan: which is to show them how small this world really is.

A WAITING PANEL TRUCK. A PAINTING OF HAPPY CHICKENS. Cyrillic writing says, *FRESH EGGS*. Duffels are loaded into the truck.

EXT. FARMLAND NEAR YALTA -- DAY

The EGG TRUCK RACES PAST. HAPPY CHICKENS. PAN and REVEAL ---
THE BLACK SEA shimmering in the distance.

INT. "FRESH EGGS" TRUCK - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AHEAD -- A RICKETY WOODEN DOCK
extending out into the Black Sea.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV (V.O.)
...How small and dangerous.

SOMEONE WAITING. A MILITARY ROLLING CASE beside him.

It's BLACK ZEGNA.

EXT. DOCK IN YALTA - DAY

The EGG TRUCK DRIVER THROWS OPEN the REAR revealing black
MARINE DUFFELS filled with high-grade HEROIN.

EGG TRUCK DRIVER
Three hundred kilograms. Vacuum
sealed. But...

But he makes a weird GEIGER TICKING SOUND with his tongue and
waggles his finger like a needle taking a reading.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The duffels are on the end of the dock beside the ROLLING
CASE. Egg Man sees STICKERS ON IT: an ONION DOME. A HEART
with CYRILLIC WRITING... *I WOULD CUDDLE YOU SO HARD.*

The EGG TRUCK DRIVER scans the horizon with BINOCULARS.

EGG TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
(impatient)
There's no ship. Where's the ship?

SUDDENLY -- A RUSSIAN SUBMARINE SURFACES.

The Egg Men are very happy.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL "PALACE" - DAY

Hidden behind a huge PORTRAIT OF TIMUR is a WALL-SAFE. Timur
signals to Zegna to help him lift out the ROLLING CASE. It's
very heavy.

PRESIDENT TIMUR RAZORONOV
I was going to be George Washington,
the founder of a new nation.
(beat)
I'll settle for Robin Hood.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK IN YALTA - DAY

The dock is ON FIRE, a burning line running into the sea. The sub is gone. The dock collapses and the EGG TRUCK SINKS INTO THE BLACK SEA.

MATCH TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The DARK ATLANTIC OCEAN. A slow BOILING as -- THE RUSSIAN SUBMARINE SURFACES -- and IN THE DISTANCE the LIGHTS of CONEY ISLAND, of BROOKLYN, -- as a HATCH OPENS -- a man appears, hooks a RED LIGHT onto the railing of the sub.

INT./EXT. AWACS RADIATION DETECTION PLANE - NIGHT

A RADIATION DETECTION PLANE flying slow circles high over nighttime New York city. Each wing is outfitted with FOUR BLACK TUBES pointing downward to the lights.

The COPILOT monitors a screen with infrared type readings.

COPILOT
CAT Scan at Kings County... And the
Land Fill Gravesend.
(to pilot)
Jesus, always wonder what makes that
light up. I used to play right by
there as a kid.

PILOT
(into radio)
This is K five one nine, flight five
dash two dash oh nine, making our
turn back to the top.

The plane silently banks out over dark water.

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

WaveRunners pulling up at the sub. Men rapidly passing the MARINE DUFFELS down to the small craft. As soon as it's loaded, it zips away. A very efficient smuggling process.

A BOSTON WHALER pulls up, piloted by TULCHENKIN. The bulky ROLLING CASE is carefully loaded into the boat. The ONION DOME STICKER GLOWS IN THE DARK.

RISING UP TO SEE WHITE WAKE of ten speeding WaveRunners and the Boston Whaler peeling away from the submarine.

CUT TO:

INT. AWACS RADIATION DETECTION PLANE - NIGHT

Now the Copilot turns his head back to the infrared device. He blinks. Double takes.

COPILOT

What the hell is that?

ON THE SCREEN: MYRIAD RADIATION HOTSPOTS FIRING, ARCING LIKE TRACERS TOWARD THE CITY.

The pilot leans over and looks --

PILOT

Oh, shit.

They both look out the window. POV FAR BELOW -- VISUAL OF THE FAINT WAKES MOVING TOWARD BROOKLYN AND MANHATTAN.

PILOT (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Coast Guard, this is K Five One Nine.
We're picking up all sorts of
activity. On Lower Bay. Ten to
fifteen live detections, on the
water, heading to Brooklyn.

INT./EXT. VERY FAST DRUG DELIVERY MONTAGE - NIGHT/DAY

WaveRunners in industrial canals. Unloading duffels. DUFFELS MOVING TO DISTRIBUTION POINTS. KILOS from EACH DUFFEL moving to VEHICLES. Duffel thrown on a counter in a sagging kitchen. KILOS broken open. SLABS of smack split. Testing purity in PIPETTES. Highest grade. DIGITAL SCALE. Thousands of BINDLES running through a stamping machine -- CHERNOBYL on each bindle -- GROUPS OF TEN -- TEN GROUPS OF TEN -- CHERNOBYL -- CHERNOBYL -- CHERNOBYL --

SHINY RIMS on a lowered Pontiac spinning backwards as it cruises. RE-UPS to STREET LEVEL DEALERS -- KID ON A BIKE in Marcy Projects, KID IN L.E.S. on a SCOOTER -- ANOTHER carried by a RUSSIAN stepping out of a TOWN CAR -- at the SERVICE ENTRANCE TO THE SAFEHOUSE where a FURTIVE COOK takes a PACKET OF TEN BINDLES, passes money, ducks back inside --

INT. AWACS PLANE - NIGHT

The copilot looking at the RADIATION monitoring screen -- now lit up with 10,000 hot spots, one glaring bright screen.

COPILOT

Is this a malfunction?

PILOT

Oh, man. What the hell is going on?

And we see the dark outlines of the island of Manhattan down below, the bright lights of the city.

INT. SAFEHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Cherry makes tea and chatters to the GIANT who keeps one eye on her and one eye in the other room, where men watch Ukrainian soccer and smoke unfiltered cigarettes.

CHERRY

You really from Tiraspol?

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

Why wouldn't I be?

She surreptitiously passes MONEY to the FURTIVE COOK for BINDLES of CHERNOBYL which she palms --

CHERRY

It's the big city and all, the regional center with the restaurants and the nightlife, the museum of failed secessions or whatever it is they have there. The one Kandinsky on loan from some gangster, so lots of people claim to be from there when really they're from Hrebyneky or Slobozia.

The Giant looks back at her. See the SILVER ATTACHE is still handcuffed to his wrist.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

Composition #VII --

A particularly exciting goal in the other room.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL (CONT'D)

(re: the game)

Fucking Karpaty. Fucking dogs.

Shaktar is run by criminals.

Cherry dumps ALL THE BINDLES into the giant's tea.

CHERRY
Composition #VII?

GIANT OF TIRASPOL
By Kandinsky. At the Museum of Failed
Secessions. On loan.

CHERRY
You really are from Tiraspol.

A LARGE KNIFE stuck in a melon. The Giant watches her think
about the knife. She reaches past it for sweetener --

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Equal?

She holds a blue packet. Brings his tea to him. Slides in
next to him. Close. Invading his personal space. She sips her
tea. He drinks his. He drinks more. She presses against him.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
(softly)
I can think of other ways to pass the
time. Much more pleasant.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

A picture of Boris Yeltsin with a Bloody Mary, a stalk of
celery sticking out. Giant and Cherry kissing heavily.

CHERRY
Come on, baby. How you like it?
(re: the attache)
This is not helpful, no?

GIANT OF TIRASPOL
Do you enjoy your work?

CHERRY
You have to enjoy it, otherwise you
are no good. You have to love it...

Cherry is all sex as the drug begins to affect him.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
I love to fuck. I love to fuck men
with huge cocks. Do you have a huge
cock, baby? I want to feel it, feel
it inside me. That's right, baby.

His eyes are starting to glow from the heroin, a GOLDEN
. LIGHT. And he's feeling it, feeling good, feeling sexy. But
from his POV the room is rolling like a ship.

Fluffy clouds have floated in at the edges of his perception. Cherry is above him, the Meryl Streep of fake whore arousal.

He nods off and Cherry's "hot" goes out like a light. His eyes open again-- very drugged --and she's "hot" again. Then he's swaying, the ship has sprung multiple leaks --

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

Kandinsky says it is the artist who
brings sublime bread to the people. I
worked in clay as a student--

He's OUT. She goes to the attache, tries to open the lock. Tries the combinations. Can't open it. She wants her ID. Finally, she digs in the Giant's pocket, finds key to handcuffs, unlocks them, and TAKES THE ATTACHE. The giant shifts like a drugged polar bear.

She reaches in his jacket and pulls out her white Android with the Hello Kitty sticker. Drops it in the pocket of her jacket as she flees.

And find Yeltsin keeping watch over the drugged giant.

INT. SAFE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Cherry moves down the empty hallway. Hears water and buzzing. Catches a glimpse of Tulchenkin using nose hair trimmers.

Down the stairs. TV louder. Haze of cig smoke, the backs of men watching tennis. Sharapova crushing a forehand.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Tulchenkin sees the unconscious giant. He YELLS.

Men rapidly search the house. Opening doors. Running onto the sidewalk. Military precision.

Cherry flings open a door, sees a staircase into a cellar.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Shuts door quietly. Low lights reveal CELLS. A MAN chained to a bed. He sees her. As FOOTSTEPS pound across the ceiling.

Cherry frozen in the drab basement, holding the attache. DOOR CRACKS OPEN at the top of the stairs-- two men on the stairs-- Cherry whirling, looking for somewhere to hide-- The two MEN searching see the CHAINED MAN on the cot --

SEARCHING THUG (RUSSIAN)

You, Kasparov? See a girl?

PRISONER

Every night, amigo. Is it night?

The men turn away. Camera finds Cherry underneath the cot. The house goes QUIET. FOOTSTEPS fanning and dissipating. Cherry rolls out from under the cot.

CHERRY

Thank you.

PRISONER

Thank you.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Cherry waiting cautiously -- listening. Like a wild animal hearing the blades of grass shifting in the breeze outside.

She slowly opens the door a crack--

CHERRY'S POV -- THE EMPTY HALLWAY-- Cherry straining forward to listen when-- THE DOOR FLIES OPEN --

She SCREAMS-- A MAN standing there, startled -- She ducks under his arms -- He chases-- SMALL ROOMS-- Hallway-- Kitchen-- Right behind her--

Cherry sees the KNIFE IN THE MELON --- grabbing it -- desperately whirling-- as the man lunges-- and they collide--

FACE TO FACE.

Color draining from his as life seems to run over Cherry's hand and the man sees the pool of his own life spreading.

Cherry backs away, horrified. But feels natural light and fresh air just over her shoulder--

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Cherry bolts down the steps, catches herself, slows. A businesswoman with an attache on a normal Brooklyn day. On her face we see it for just a moment-- freedom!

Then she sees TULCHENKIN and two others cross an alley. And as they are turning to find her--

She hops a wooden fence and lands in--

EXT. A LITTLE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Where a family of West Indians tend a vegetable patch.

Cherry presses against the wooden slats as SHADOWS PASS speaking urgently in RUSSIAN.

TIGHTER ON CHERRY, then the voices move away. Cherry now turns-- A child holds out a dirty tomato he has just picked--

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A crowd of looky-loos gathering, a familiar VOICE--

DAVIS (O.S.)

Everyone back five steps. That's five big steps. Let's see 'em--

Cherry approaches the crowd warily, but behind her she sees RUSSIANS and ahead POLICEMEN--

She realizes EVERYONE IS LOOKING UP--

LOOKY-LOO

That shit isn't high enough. Hey dumb shit, yeah you, bird man --

Cherry looks up-- A JUMPER yelling something soundlessly--

DAVIS and MAHONEY doing their job holding back the crowd. Cherry wrapping herself deeper into the crowd.

DAVIS

Rule of Five, Rook. Fifty percent chance of surviving from the 5th floor. Every floor above the fifth your chances go down by fifty percent. So that's..

SOMEONE (O.S.)

12.5 percent. The guy's toast.

Mahoney stares up, something changing in him as he watches.

MAHONEY

He's gonna jump.

DAVIS

Yeah he is. Which is why we're keeping people out of the way--

MAHONEY

My dad killed himself.

Davis takes this in. Doesn't know what the fuck to say.

DAVIS

Sorry, Mahoney. You want to sit this
out in the car?

As Cherry sees the Transnistrians get in a car, race away--

DAVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Everyone back five more steps --

Cherry turns a corner... An alley. A BLACK VAN cuts her off.
She veers-- The van ROARS out into the street behind her--

INT. VAN - DAY

POV through the van windshield-- Cherry fleeing ahead of them
as they bear down on her. She cuts left. Between parked cars--

See her disappear into A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

VAN STOPPING-- RUSSIANS fly in the door after her--

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Year of Dragon buffet-- Cherry banging past STARTLED PATRONS--

IN THE KITCHEN

Cherry turns and swings the attache into the first Russian
through the door--

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cherry fleeing blindly. Alley. Another alley. A dead end. She
doubles back. SUV and PANEL VAN-- She runs into --

EXT. TRASH STREWN LOT - DAY

A trash strewn empty lot hemmed in on three sides. She's
trapped by buildings. She whirls and waits, terrified.

JUAN (V.O.)

There's a bomb hidden under the
table! What's so fucked up is the
table, the table is also a bomb.

CUT TO:

INT. SEITEOK APARTMENT - DAY

Juan watches an old TV. Swann sitting half-reclined on a
futon, sipping a Baltika. They're both wasted.

JUAN (CONT'D)
...And the tool she's using to defuse
the bomb... It's a bomb...

ON TV: old Alias. Jennifer Garner defuses a bomb.

JUAN (CONT'D)
And the room they're in? A bomb. It's
just bombs inside of bombs. It's just
bombs all the way down. I can't take
it, I can't take it. SHE'S GONNA DIE!

A CAN OF FANTA. Juan dumps in the last of the cheap vodka.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Who needs citrus when you got citrus
flavor?
(standing)
Whoa, I gotta go home. You okay? You
okay? You're okay. Okay.

SWANN
I'm okay.

JUAN
Okay.

A DESPERATE SCREAM is heard from OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

JUAN (CONT'D)
What was that?

SWANN
Coyote.

JUAN
I know what a coyote sounds like.

Then ANOTHER SCREAM. Juan goes to the window, a dingy roller
blind covering. He looks out --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Help me. Somebody help --

JUAN
It's some really hot chick being
chased by a bunch of huge dudes.

More SCREAMING comes up.

JUAN (CONT'D)
You gotta see this, man. Oh, shit.
They're gonna kill her.

Juan is looking at Swann who's still on the futon. He looks back through the window, looks back at Swann.

JUAN (CONT'D)

We gotta do something.

Juan looks out, cringes from what he sees. Swann just sinks into himself as if everything all at once is hitting home. The sounds of struggling drift past him.

JUAN (CONT'D)

I'm going out there. I am.

Juan tugs on the blind. It just goes lower. And then he ducks inside the blind and tries the window. The lock has been painted over. He fights with that.

We PUSH THROUGH THE WINDOW TO--

THE LOT

Cherry evades the men who are laughing at her, taunting her. Just pigs. Pig faces. Something primal about their pleasure in her terror. And Cherry is exhausted. Like a veal lamb trying to fight after a year in the cage. They're closing in.

CHERRY

(weakening)

Help... somebody help...

IN WINDOW AFTER WINDOW BLINDS pulled down, CURTAINS drawn.

IN THE APARTMENT

Juan gives up.

JUAN

Somebody should do something.

Swann hears a body clang off metal and something clicks in him. As if he realizes, after months of frustration, the universe is throwing him a freebie.

He stands. As he goes to the window he's shrugging out of his flannel, leaving a T-shirt.

SWANN'S POV - A FIGURE SERPENTINING -- MEN boxing her in. And MR. NOSY NEIGHBOR, peering from behind ugly curtains, drawing them closed in a definitive act of non-good-samaritanism. SUV PULLING UP, the GIANT OF TIRASPOL and MORE GUYS tumbling out.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

Do not disfigure her in any way.

Cherry backed into a corner-- swinging the attache wildly-- Fighting like a wildcat-- And Swann REALIZES WHO IT IS. The "HAUGHTY GIRL" from the Bodega. Miss TWO BOX GITANES. Who is now pulled down-- attache taken away, dragged by her hair through the dirt --she's kicking and writhing--

SWANN

How many you figure there are?

JUAN

A shit-ton.

Swann pulls again on the blind. Lower. Swann gives the blind a tug. It only goes lower. Now a last, sharp TUG. And THE BLIND SHOTS UP--

EXT. TRASE STREWN LOT - DAY

CHERRY'S POV - THE ROLLER BLIND SHOOTING UP

Like an eye opening. And a FIGURE framed there. SWANN.

He opens the window. Wrestles it up--

SWANN

Hey... Hey!

Yelling down to the Transnistrians who now stop to watch the drunk figure clambering out --

ONTO THE FIRE ESCAPE

Swann lowers the ladder, it slides, he almost falls, catches himself, drops the last six feet. Still has his Baltika.

SIX TRANSNISTRIANS and ONE GIANT on smack who has reclaimed his silver ATTACHE. The Russians have guns. Swann is wearing flip-flops, which FLAP FLAP. His T-shirt reads:

GOFCK

YRSLF

He finishes the last drop of Baltika as he walks to them.

SWANN

Let her go.

THUG

You're drunk, hero. This doesn't concern you.

Something in his gait changing, muscle memory taking over.

Two Russians, ex-military, come at him, one pulling a knife, and Swann, barely shifting his movement, picks up a PIECE OF METAL, SHATTERS the Baltika bottle-- And NOW HE MOVES fast inside a punch-- jabbing the metal-- slashing the bottle -- TWO GUYS FALL LIKE LUMBER --

The Giant moves quickly-- grabbing Swann around the neck with one huge hand and we realize how dangerous he is--not some lumbering giant, but a trained killer whose movements are contained and precise.

Swann breaks free-- They feint at one another-- And move in a similar way, as if they've both had similar training-- Using every weapon at hand. But Swann is panting now-- a sort of veal lamb himself all things considered-- Still he circles-- And in a surprise move-- Delivers a sharp blow to the Giant's neck-- who pulls back and stares--

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

That's what you have? You hit like a little girl.

And now Swann SPEAKS THE GIANT'S LANGUAGE, accent perfect.

SWANN

A chunk of arterial plaque is now moving toward your brain. You will have a stroke in --

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

The Girly. That's what I call that.

(beat)

I'm going to tear your leg off and beat you to death with it.

Swann looks down at his watch-- a cheap quartz job.

SWANN (TRANSISERIAN)

Ten seconds.

A dawning realization --

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

I remember you.

SWANN (TRANSIS'RIAN)

Five.

The Giant pulls his gun, takes aim --

THE WATCH TICKS TO :00 -- TIGHT ON THE GIANT'S FACE

CRINKLING WITH SURPRISE-- And slowly falling away-- Swann hears movement behind him and turns the GIANT'S HAND-- SHOOTING BEHIND-- Plugging a MAN WHO IS REVEALED as-- the Giant topples backwards like a redwood tree, surprise on the man's face and a hole in the center of his forehead as he, too, falls backwards-- REVEALING yet ANOTHER MAN now running with the attache--

Swann shoots him in the leg. He keeps hopping away. Swann shoots his OTHER LEG. He FALLS FLAT, NOW DRAGGING HIMSELF--

Swann steps up, puts his foot on the man's head, takes the ATTACHE.

Swann standing there amid the human wreckage, slightly disappointed he's still alive. When he looks over and realizes CHERRY is still there, staring in horror and fear.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She starts fearfully backing away.

SWANN (CONT'D)

I can help you.

She runs. He catches her. She's pulling. He's holding.

POV as the world GOES FUNNY--OVERCRANKED, STEP SHUTTER, SEAGULL ON WING, BODIES IN DUST, JUAN IN WINDOW.

CLOUDS MIGRATING ACROSS BLUE SKY

Swann SNAPS OUT OF IT -- CHERRY HAS VANISHED.

Swann gets up unsteadily and runs OUT OF THE LOT. A LOUD CRASHING SOUND, like a wrecking ball. CRASH --

EXT. WRECKING BALL STREET -- DAY

A wrecking ball CRASHES into the side of an old building. And AGAIN, just going into the old squalid apartments near a backhoe with chains still locked to it.

Pulling foreground find SWANN running fast, CATCHING UP WITH CHERRY who has the attache again.

SWANN

Slow down and act normal. Can you do that?

He grabs her wrist, stops her. PEOPLE staring.

CHERRY

Act. *Normal?* *Normal?* That was normal for you? It wasn't normal for me. Not even close. And I thought I was tuff girl --

SWANN

Hey! Two friends out for a stroll, attracting no attention.

Cherry sees the BIG MERCEDES 12 CYLINDER with tinted windows. It's going fast. A couple of dark SUV's behind. She burrows into him suddenly, a GF needing some comfort.

One of the SUVs PEELS OFF and drives slowly DOWN THEIR STREET. She can FEEL IT coming toward them. She suddenly SPINS SWANN so his back is to the SUV, bringing her whole being into him, so that she might almost disappear. She can glimpse the TRANSNISTRIANS. Lips inches from Swann's. She locks her hands behind his head and KISSES HIM for real.

The Russians IGNORING THE COUPLE, CAMERA SPINNING TO FIND a BUILDING COMING DOWN behind them. And the SUV disappears around the corner. And neither notices. Then the KISS is over and they're looking with a holy shit did you feel that --?

And her lips close to his ear, breathy --

CHERRY

Now what, *friend*?

BAM, the wrecking ball hits a brick wall.

SWANN

What's your name?

CHERRY

Cherry, I guess.

SWANN

Can you drive, Cherry I guess? Do you know how to drive a car?

She nods still looking at him in a penetrating way.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Great.

CHERRY

Great?

SWANN

Because I'm gonna steal this one.

Now he swings the attache case which is still in his hand, smashes the back window of the car they were making out on, old MGB-GT. He reaches around and unlocks it.

INT. MGB GT - DAY

Swann has a knife which he jams into the ignition.

SWANN

Clutch in, Cherry.

She stops for a moment and looks at him. He looks at her. Shakes it off. Now, she puts the clutch in.

He turns the knife. Car starts. She revs it a couple times. Then effortlessly jams out of there. She's a good driver.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Slow down.

CHERRY

I like this car.

SWANN

Don't get too used to it.

INT./EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

They drive down a series of streets. Then he sees what he's looking for -- an old BUICK BONNEVILLE with DARK WINDOWS.

She pulls over. He pops the boot. Gets out. Looks under the hood. Finds a tool kit. A blue rag. Finds a screw driver.

Uses the screwdriver to open the American car. He gets in. Slides over on the bench seat. Sees Cherry watching him.

SWANN

I'm not allowed to drive yet.

As the door shuts now they're invisible behind the tint.

INT. BONNEVILLE - DAY

Cheap sunglasses in the ashtray.

SWANN

Here. And tie this over your hair.

He hands her the blue rag from the MGB. She does as he asks. Jackie-O in '62 driving the big American boat. He sees an old T-shirt in back. A baby seat. He pulls off his own shirt and we realize how fit he is -- it's like crunch city -- which she notices as he pulls on the Tee.

It's a woman's shirt, very tight-- *HANDS ON THE HARD ONE*.
There are kids plastic beads. He wraps them around his wrist.

SWANN (CONT'D)
Look, Cherry. Just pull out slowly.
(re: the attache)
What's in here?

CHERRY
ID for me. I don't know what else.

Now they're driving slowly. Swann tries the lock on the attache. Can't open it. He uses the knife to cut his pants at Bermuda length. He makes a headband.

SWANN
Do you have a phone?

CHERRY
(lying)
I did. Nigerian bow tie bastard
Chiddybang took it.

Swann has absolutely no idea how to parse that sentence.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

Incapacitated Transnistrians moaning in the lot as
ERMENEGILIDO ZEGNA ANKLE BOOTS move amongst the bodies.

The ankle boots belong to Black Zegna. He is followed by
TULCHENKIN. Up to the Giant as DISTANT SIRENS rise.

BLACK ZEGNA (RUSSIAN)
What happened? Where is the girl? And
where is the case?

The giant cannot speak. One eye goes the wrong direction, the
other is closed. He struggles.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)
You had two jobs. Take care of girl
and protect case.

The giant struggles. SIRENS grow LOUDER.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL (RUSSIAN)
Girl --

BLACK ZEGNA
The girl took the case.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL
The Man...

Giant trying to signal with his good eye. Zegna now follows his sight line to BODIES at the foot of the FIRE ESCAPE, the FIRE ESCAPE LADDER lowered, leading to Swann's OPEN WINDOW. Where the ROLLERBLIND has been hastily lowered.

CAMERA FLIES TO WINDOW, entering through the dark seam --

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT - DAY

TO FIND JUAN leaning against the wall, terrified. As a CELLPHONE VIBRATES on the DINETTE. He's frozen.

EXT. STREET - DAY

At a PAY PHONE, Swann dials while keeping an eye on Cherry in the Bonneville.

SWANN
Come on. Answer the phone. Come on.

JUAN (OVER PHONE)
(hesitant)
Hello --

SWANN
Juan, listen, you're going to have to make some moves now.

JUAN
(completely freaking out)
Who the fuck are you, man? I mean,
WHO. THE. FUCK. ARE YOU? Towel boy
killing people right, left, right--

SWANN
You ever see a shark eat a seal?

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Juan momentarily perplexed by this question.

JUAN
(beat)
What? What did you say?

SWANN (OVER PHONE)
My old blue jacket, on the back of
the chair... Put it on.

Juan sees the coat. Coming out of his shock he puts it on.

SWANN (CONT'D)
Did you do that?

JUAN
Yeah, I guess I did.

EXT. SWANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The big Merc pulls up in front of Swann's building. Zegna and Tulchenkin head up the steps of the building.

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Juan has the coat and a trucker's cap on.

SWANN (OVER PHONE)
Now you're gonna leave, but you're
not gonna take the elevator. And
you're not gonna run. Stairs are at
the end of the hall under a burnt-out
"exit" sign.

The SOUND of the ELEVATOR DINGING OS.

JUAN
Oh man, I just heard the elevator.

SWANN
Leave now. Stay on the phone.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors open and Zegna and Tulchenkin exit.

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Juan steps into the hall. Shuts the door. As Zegna comes around the corner.

JUAN
(into phone)
Juanita don't mean anything, Baby.
You know I love you.

Juan now looks up in a perfect distracted way, directly at Zegna, who is staring at him. From the EAR SPEAKER OF THE CELL HEAR SWANN'S SOFT VOICE.

SWANN
Keep moving. Pass the elevator. Take
the stairs at the far end.

ZEGNA looks curiously after Juan as Juan turns the corner.

EXT. STAIRS - DAY

Juan going down the stairs two at a time.

SWANN (OVER PHONE)

Slow down.

JUAN

Death looked right at me. Death doesn't forget a face.

SWANN

Slow down before you go outside, cover your face with your hand.

JUAN

Who the fuck are you, man?

INT. SWANN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Zegna looking out the window at police in the lot. Rapidly searches the apartment. VODKA, FANTA. BALTIKA EMPTIES. Picks up a book in Russian. Sees ALIAS still playing on TV.

NOTHING PERSONAL in the place. Nothing with a NAME. No BILLS. No PASSPORT. No NAMES IN BOOKS.

A hiding place in the bathroom, above the light fixture -- A TRAY -- and in the tray-- PILL BOTTLES, HANDGUN.

The HANDGUN is SIMILAR TO ZEGNA'S OWN. He examines it curiously. Ejects a bullet. Sees Cyrillic writing on it.

The BOTTLES are GENERICS of PSYCHOTROPICS like DEPAKOTE and WELLBUTRIN. The NAME ON ALL THE BOTTLES -- LCDR. MARK SWANN and THE ADDRESS of a V.A. Pharmacy, Ft. Hamilton, Brooklyn.

EXT. SWANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Juan walks out the building and up the street. SIRENS. Flashing lights now racing by.

SWANN (OVER PHONE)

Walk toward Avenue Y. Not fast, not slow. Normal. Just keep walking.

JUAN

I was totally fucked-up like twenty minutes ago. Now I could operate. I could drive a school bus.

SWANN

You'll pass the Bill Brown Memorial Playground.

EXT. BILL BROWN MEMORIAL PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Juan walking past the Bill Brown Memorial Playground.

SWANN (V.O.)
Drop the coat, hat, and phone in the
trash can.

Juan just holds the phone out and drops it. He sees the
Bonneville, Cherry at the wheel. Swann at the payphone.

JUAN
Bonneville and fucking Clyde.

Swann takes a step towards him. Juan backing up.

JUAN (CONT'D)
For a towelboy, you got a real
unusual skill set. I was just being
nice to you because I thought you
were a retard. And I'm thinking you
probably fibbed on your YMCA
application.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Same bench. Same meeting place. Same Swann waiting. Cherry
waits on one side. Discover Juan on the other. He keeps
glancing at the silver attache.

JUAN
You aren't curious. There could be
like a million bucks in there. Ten
million. What's that shit people are
always stealing? *Bearer bonds*. It
could be filled with *bearer bonds*.
What is a *bearer bond* anyway? People
always stealing 'em.

SWANN
Let me see your phone.

Juan hands his phone over. Swann throws it in the river.

SWANN (CONT'D)
And don't use credit cards, ATM. You
have any friends you can visit in
another city?
(snaps his fingers)
Juan. Friends?

Juan stands.

JUAN

I got friends. That's one thing I have.

He turns and walks away as fast as he can.

SWANN

I have no idea what to do. You know that, right? I called someone. But he's late. And he's never late. So he's not coming. Do you have anywhere you can go?

A tourist walks near. They're both quiet. Cherry gets up and stands at the railing. The tourist checks her out and walks on, but now Swann notices her. Dress blowing. A still from a Kurosawa film. He shakes it off.

SWANN (CONT'D)

I don't know who else to call. I used to be the person you'd call. Now, I'm what?

CHERRY

I killed someone today.

SWANN

How'd you do it?

She looks at him.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Gun? Garrotte? Poison?

CHERRY

Knife.

He whistles. Not at all what she was expecting.

SWANN

You'll get used to it. It'll bother you for a while. Then after a while it won't bother you. And that will bother you.

She thinks about this, then sits back down beside him.

CHERRY

You are very courage, I think.

SWANN

Courageous. But don't confuse courage with recklessness.

CHERRY

I'm not.

SWANN

Oh, I think you are.

CHERRY

You saved me.

He's looking at her. She's young-old. And fierce, too.

SWANN

Nobody saves anybody.

Then -- WIDE -- Southern tip of Manhattan, a FULLY-LOADED TRASH BARGE moving foreground, headed off to some landfill.

And WORDS begin FLOATING UP out of the TRASH ON THE BACK OF THE BARGE like little PUFFS OF SMOKE drifting into the sky--
#3 Tacitly Understood Things That Should Never Be Vocalized. The sky fades to black as light blasts through the words.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

ARNELLA is a tall African American woman and a forensic psychologist who assesses families wishing to adopt children.

ARNELLA

So if you could describe for me and I know this sounds broad but don't sweat it okay just be yourself and be honest and we'll be done before you know it: what makes the marriage work?

DEBORAH SATAROV, a full-bodied housewife just past child-bearing age, originally from Alabama, glances at her husband, ARKADY SATAROV, Russian, ex-medical doctor, ex-nuclear physicist, if one can be an ex-physicist, ex-KGB also if one can ever really be ex-KGB. Deb was ready for this question.

DEB

It's the differences. We come from different cultures but we respect each other's differences and that makes for a rich home environment.

Arkady glances at her. Okay. That sounds good.

ARNELLA

So tell me some of your strategies
for conflict resolution.

Arnella looks to Arkady. His turn to answer. Half his
attention is always with his warehouse, the comings and
goings never stop during the scene.

ARKADY

Like every other married couple,
she's always right.

ARNELLA

She's always right?

Deb on edge. Not the answer. Arkady shrugs and elaborates.

ARKADY

Usually I have head up ass about
something. She's smart. Beautiful.
Makes nice home. Is nice person. You
see this? Is obvious. But sometime, I
am very busy, thinking my own
problems. She says, "Arkady, pull
head out of ass." And I say "you're
right, head was up ass." And then all
is happy again and *conflict resolved*.

Deb is in gloom but Arnella likes this answer. It's honest.

ARNELLA

What values would you like your child
to get from her parents? Deborah, why
don't you go first?

DEB

Honesty. Sense of humor. Optimism.
The sense that the glass is half
full; it's just how you look at it.

Arkady is looking to the warehouse floor where the GREY
MERCEDES 12 cylinder has pulled in. He sees Zegna step out,
covered in blood, looking around.

ARNELLA

And you, Mr. Satarov?

Arkady sees TULCHENKIN, the Tartar with Bronson '70's hair
and shades, signalling to him

ARNELLA (CONT'D)

...Mr. Satarov?

ARKADY

I have lived through many things, times of great upheaval. First, I would like my child to be safe. And then free from fear. I would like a safe, fearless child. The values will take care of themselves.

DEB

He's Russian. If you know any Russians at all you know they're all Gloomy Gusses. He wants a baby, he really does. Tell her, Arkady.

ARKADY

I worry for children.

Deb puts her head in her hands.

ARNELLA

Changing topics tell me how you've dealt with the infertility issues?

Arkady's attention has drifted back to the warehouse floor where Tulchenkin has a huge .45 Caliber pistol pointed at the warehouse manager's head.

ARKADY

Will you excuse me for a moment, Arnella?

DEB

Arkady-- WTF, Arkady--?

But he's gone. Deb turns to Arnella.

DEB (CONT'D)

Oh you know we tried it all. Your IVF, and low stim IVF, your GIFT, and ZIFT, donor eggs, Clomid...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Black Zegna waits for Arkady as he approaches warily.

BLACK ZEGNA

Arkasha. You look well. Bursting with health. Do you remember when we were ordered to clamp down on the black market and we spent a whole summer torturing college students who traded caviar for jogging shoes? Such a waste of time.

(MORE)

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

And now here you are-- Arkady Satarov, who once controlled all of Sibneft-- with shoes again. It is very curious, is it not? The man who once played with the world aluminum market like a cat with a mouse, pah pah, Sibneft, that same man is now...

Black Zegna takes it all in. The little office where through the glass the two women appear as if on television.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Here. Wherever this is.
(beat)
Mother needs a favor.

ARKADY

How is mother?

BLACK ZEGNA

Rich. Temperamental. Vindictive. The same. I am sorry to intrude but I am far from home, pressed for time, and without my usual systems.

He holds up a PILL BOTTLE -- *DEPAKOTE*. Arkady takes it.

ARKADY

Anti-seizure medication. Can be used to treat mixed-state personality disorder.

(re: *Cptn. Mark Swann*)
Who is this?

BLACK ZEGNA

A man who has something of ours. We believe the truth is locked in the giant's head. Can you help me get it out, Arkasha? For old time's sake.

Now Zegna opens the rear door to the Merc. Blood pours onto the floor of the warehouse. The giant is pale, moaning.

Arkady sees the social worker in the office talking with his wife, sees his wife glance at him.

ARKADY

Pull the car into Bay 11.

INT. BAY 11 - DAY

The roller door is pulled shut. There are bright lights, industrial tools, a workbench like in an automotive garage.

Zegna and Tulchenkin and Arkady struggle to get the Giant out of the car. They carry him across to the workbench. They lay him on it. Arkady sets his black doctor's bag on the bench.

Arkady examines the Giant. He removes a razor from his kit.

ARKADY

It is a brain injury. We must reduce the pressure and then maybe he regains consciousness.

Arkady shaves a square of hair from the giant's head. Rubs hand sanitizer on the clear patch. Makes an X in Sharpie.

He places the half-naked giant's HEAD in the WORKBENCH VICE.

He TIGHTENS THE VICE, the teeth biting in almost to the level of cracking his skull.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

Because we do not have the proper sedation and monitoring equipment, I cannot risk giving him anything for the discomfort he will feel.

Arkady opens a CASE OF DRILL BITS. Selects one. Again, squirts THE HAND SANITIZER. Lights the alcohol. WHOOSH.

Now he takes his HAND DRILL, very rudimentary, the kind you crank to turn the bit. He tests it.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

Hold him very still.

Arkady places the bit against the skull and begins turning the crank. As the bit digs into the skull the Giant shakes, his large yellow teeth grind audibly.

RIBBONS OF WHITE BONE PEEL UP from the drill.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

When the white becomes red we know we are through the cranium.

Slowly, the first signs of RED in the WHITE swirls of bone. Arkady slows his cranking. A bit further. And now BLOOD SPRAYS and the GIANT starts to THRASH, KICKING his LEGS and at that exact same moment --

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM rips through the warehouse.

It's DEB.

In the doorway, taking in the blood-covered men, the giant thrashing, HER HUSBAND WITH A DRILL IN THE GIANT'S SKULL.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

Deb--it's not what it looks like.

She SCREAMS AGAIN.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An ECHOING SCREAM. A distant dog begins to howl.

INT. BAY 11 - CONTINUOUS

She flees. Arkady unsure if he should follow his wife, but as the pressure relieves on the giant's brain -- his EYES POP OPEN, suddenly COGNIZANT of HIS SURROUNDINGS.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

Colonel?

BLACK ZEGNA

Who has my attache?

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

(struggling)

It was. It was the man from Odessa.

BLACK ZEGNA

He's dead.

The Giant tries to shake his head but he can't.

GIANT OF TIRASPOL

No -- I am certain. He knew that I recognized him. He wanted me to.

Black Zegna is reeling.

BLACK ZEGNA

But how? What is he doing here?

Suddenly the GIANT has another MASSIVE STROKE and dies. Arkady works on him as Tulchenkin and Zegna watch. Then he steps away and it's over.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

We must move quickly if we are to find him. He was with a whore. We must find them both.

(to Arkady)

May I count on you, old friend?

On Arkady, every fiber in his body telling him not to go.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Arkady enters. Deb is in a chair. Arnella has left. A beat.

DEBORAH

Don't tell me. Don't want to know. I truly thought that wasn't you any more. And she's gone. That's what you want, right? So that's just great.

She's really hoping it's not great, but she's stuck now saying what she doesn't mean. A lousy tactic between mates.

ARKADY

It's not great. It's not what I want. But I do have to go.

DEBORAH

Fine.

He goes to a shelf, pulls junk aside, reveals a safe.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you coming back?

He goes to her, takes her hands.

ARKADY

Of course, I am. I have to run a little errand and then everything will go back to the way it was. Right back to normal, I promise.

Arkady goes back to a secret safe.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to ask you to forget also what you're about to see next and trust me it is important for us, for our family. Can you do that for me?

He opens the secret safe.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

Now promise you'll forget this.

He extracts a vicious, silenced handgun in a shoulder holster which he puts on, fitting him like a glove.

DEBORAH

Forget the gun? Fine. Forgotten.

He pulls a tactical knife in an ankle sheath, and straps that on, too.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
Knife. Forget big knife hidden on
your calf.

He extracts an unusual belt that has aerosols, misters,
ominous vials and a few syringes, plastic explosive, remote
detonators, pulls up his shirt and hides it, retucks shirt.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
Mysterious Dr. Death belt. What the
fuck is that? Arkady? WTF?

ARKADY
I know you're afraid--

DEBORAH
I'm too pissed off now to be afraid.

ARKADY
And angry, too. That's good,
actually. Let it out. But I will make
it right. I promise. And I'll make it
right with that adoption lady.

Deborah's facade of pissed off, wronged wife armor slips --

DEBORAH
She likes you. For some reason I
honestly cannot figure out.

He's been checking his reflection, but now he looks over. Is
she saying what he thinks she's saying?

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
We have the parent visit! It's on the
books. We'll get to meet her, meet
our baby. Promise me you won't do
anything to hurt our chances. You
promise?

He goes to her, kisses the tip of her nose.

INT. MERCEDES 12 CYLINDER - NIGHT

Tulchenkin wears sunglasses at night. A gate rising up in
reflection. Warehouses. Yellow street lamps.

The car has footrests for rear passengers. Zegna folds his
down and uses it. Looks out the window at this not very nice
part of industrial Brooklyn. Arkady rides beside him.

BLACK ZEGNA

It is a pleasure to be working with
you again, Arkasha.

Tulchenkin begins driving.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

But may I make one comment. If I were
to live here, I would choose
somewhere clean. This is worse than
Omsk.

TULCHENKIN (RUSSIAN)

There is a police car behind us.

BLACK ZEGNA

What are they doing?

Tulchenkin's eyes in the rear-view.

TULCHENKIN

Just following.

BLACK ZEGNA

Maintain speed. Nothing to worry
about.

Tulchenkin doesn't speed up but doesn't slow down. Everyone's
eyes tense, darting around. Then FLASHING LIGHTS bouncing
around the interior. Then the CHIRP of a SIREN.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Pull over. Show papers. Ask
directions. Be confused.

They slow to a stop. Zegna raises the glass divider. A
pregnant beat then, seen through the dark tint, a cop angles
up to Tulchenkin.

Arkady turns to see Mahoney positioning behind the wheel.

In the front Tulchenkin lowers the window. His POV RISING UP
to a NAME TAG -- "DAVIS." Sees DAVIS'S MOUTH MOVING --

DAVIS

(to O.S.)

Thirty degrees.

(to Tulchenkin)

License and registration.

TULCHENKIN (TRANSNISTRIAN)

I have diplomatic exemption from
Transnistria. Important diplomat is
passenger.

The COP'S MOUTH MOVES as he tries to look into the rear --

DAVIS
*I don't have any idea what the fuck
you're saying. License and
registration.*

Mahoney is INCHING CLOSER. Zegna pulls his SILENCED PISTOL.

Tulchenkin is rooting for papers from the glove box. Davis is trying to look through the dark-tinted divider.

Black Zegna watches Davis. Arkady is watching Mahoney.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(to the dark divider)
In back. License. Window down.

ARKADY
(to Zegna)
*You do not want to shoot a policeman
in this country.*

Davis taps on Zegna's window, indicating to roll it down.

DAVIS
*Charles Bronson-looking motherfucker
step out of the vehicle, sir. Show me
your hands.*

Davis's face peering down, tries to see in-- TAPS again.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
*Behind the rear wheel, Mahoney.
(to Tulchenkin)
Step out of the vehicle now.*

Tulchenkin trying to hand paper and license out toward Davis--

Davis's hand to his gun, flip the lock that holds it in --

JUST THEN -- Mahoney's face to the rear window --

MAHONEY (O.S.)
Man said, get out of the vehicle--

Yanking the door --

Zegna leans across Arkady, FIRING THREE TIMES, hitting
MAHONEY, who CRUMPLES BACKWARDS --

And Tulchenkin is firing at Davis who is NO LONGER IN SIGHT.

ARKADY

Stupid.

Arkady pulls his jacket off, holds it in front of his face. Steps out, fires a shot that spiderwebs the cruiser window in front of the camera--

He kicks MAHONEY'S GUN AWAY. Drops his jacket over Mahoney so he can't ID him. And quickly checks him. He makes a tourniquet. Ties off a bleeding limb.

Zegna and Tulchenkin hunt Davis.

As Arkady circles the cruiser. Shoots out all four tires. Then he shoots the computer, radio, and camera.

He then opens the trunk of the Mercedes. Without Mahoney ever seeing anyone, he picks him up and tosses him in. Slams it.

Arkady sees Zegna and Tulchenkin down the block hunting Davis, but then he hears SOMETHING close by. Davis scrambling behind cars. Arkady turns away as Zegna, Tulchenkin return and get into the car.

Arkady gives a last glance to where he knows Davis is hiding then gets in the Mercedes after them.

As the Mercedes rolls away, CAMERA SPINS and HOLDS on the place where DAVIS MUST BE HIDING. Holding. Holding...

And SLOWLY, from his hiding place, a #4 EXPANDS UP INTO THE SKY. And the WORDS -- Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friends.

And then the name of the author appears, BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT blasting through the letters: -- JOHN 15:13

CUT TO:

EXT. EURO-ATLANTIC PARTNERSHIP COUNCIL - RIGA, LATVIA - DAY

A medieval city. A government building with festive flags.

SUPER: EURO-ATLANTIC PARTNERSHIP COUNCIL
RIGA, LATVIA...

For countries that can't get into NATO.

INT. EURO-ATLANTIC PARTNERSHIP COUNCIL - DAY

A long oval like a little racetrack. Flags of different countries hang limply before REPRESENTATIVES, split evenly between MEN IN UNIFORMS and MEN IN SHIRTSLEEVES. No women. It's four rows deep of ADVISERS behind every man.

SPEAKER FROM REPUBLIC OF MACEDONIA
... To remind everybody in the room
to turn to page forty-three of your
Partnership for Peace folder. That
details the PIMS program...

Camera drifts to rear of room to find TIMUR RAZORANOV
watching the group at the big oval. Next to him is a man
named WILLIAM H. TOBEY, who if he had a name tag it would
read something like -

SUPER: William H. Tobey. Deputy Administrator for
Defense Nuclear Nonproliferation at the National Nuclear
Security Administration... He also has extensive
experience in investment banking and private equity.

TIMUR RAZORONOV
Oh fuck you, Bill. That's a table of
three legged ponies. Albania is in
NATO. Bulgaria is in NATO.
Turkmenistan was invited but
declined. Give me their spot.

SPEAKER FROM REPUBLIC OF MACEDONIA
(droning O.S.)
These areas include crisis-management
and peace-support operations,
regional issues...

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
Nothing wrong with the EAPC.

TIMUR RAZORONOV
Then you join. Look at those guys.
Mr. Three-Eyes. Igor, the Hang Man of
Azerbaijan. My country is currently
recognized by Abkhazia, Nagorno-
Karabakh, South Ossetia..

SPEAKER FROM REPUBLIC OF MACEDONIA
...Civil-military coordination of air
traffic management...

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
All due respect, Timur, we're getting
very good intel you didn't hand over
all your weapons.

Now Timur looks at William H. Tobey.

TIMUR RAZORONOV
All due respect, Bill, NATO's next
meeting is in Chicago. I don't want
Riga, I want Chicago.

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
We keep our promises when other
people keep theirs. We want all the
weapons, not most of them.

TIMUR RAZORONOV
And if you got your weapon?

Tobey is non-committal. Timur watches him. The Secretary
drones on in Macedonian.

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
Maybe it's *Go Cubbies*.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - "SEA AND SHELL" MOTEL - NIGHT

The attache upright on a dinette reflecting moonlight. Swann
picks it up, feels the weight of it. Moves it around.

CHERRY (O.S.)
You ever think you'd be in this place
with a girl like me?

SWANN
This is exactly where I thought I'd
end up, with someone exactly like
you. Maybe not in New York.

CHERRY
I didn't. No way, buddy.

FROM UNDER THE BED

Swann has two shopping bags from "STAN'S SPORTING GOODS - A
BUCK HUNTING EMPORIUM." From one he pulls a GLOCK 17, still
in a plastic clamshell.

Cherry wanders "motel efficiency with kitchenette," opening
cabinets, looking at two coffee mugs, two bowls, two plates.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Look at all these things. So many
things. Like ark of Noah.

A plastic tray with two cans of mini-Pringles. She takes one.
Shakes it. She opens it. Empty. No Pringles. Someone has
stolen them, replaced the foil perfectly. A very petty theft.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Did you play sports in school?
I did. I was very good.
(MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Do you have two parents? Do they know
what you do? Do they worry?

SWANN

They think I consult with an NGO.

She holds up her POSTCARD of the GOLDEN TOWERS of a GREEK
ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL.

CHERRY

My parents made trip and visited this
place. They stayed in hotel, too.

(reading)

*We love you, Mama and Papa. They're
both gone now.*

Swann has a PILLOW from the love seat against the locks of
the attache and uses it as a silencer for the Glock. He BLOWS
THE LOCKS off the case. OPENS it ---

INSIDE: Neatly wrapped currency - DOLLARS, YUAN,
DEUTSCHEMARKS. A handgun. A travel toothbrush. Cologne. He
finds the Social Security card, passport, license.

SWANN

Take this stuff. Gotta be fifty
thousand bucks. It'll get you
started. Take it and go. Now.

Swann holds it all out toward Cherry. She takes it. Holding
for the first time the means of a new life. She looks at him
uncertainly. Swann turns away and sits heavily in a chair. He
realizes she's still there behind him.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Go to the airport. Go to San
Francisco. Open a bank account. Work
in a coffee shop. Keep your head
down. Get the fuck out of here.

She's staring at his back for a long moment. Then we hear the
door open and close. Swann still sitting there.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Think... Think.

The sound of LIGHTER. A plume of smoke. Behind him, Cherry
lights a cigarette and enjoys it.

CHERRY

Gee-tane. Not so easy to find. And in
fancy hotel suite. Not bad.

SWANN

You should go.

CHERRY

You saw me before. But you were shy.
Who is this beautiful lady buying
French cigarette?

SWANN

Two-box Gee-tane.

CHERRY

And you said to yourself, wow Jack,
there's a catch. Catch of the day.

SWANN

Something like that.

She goes to the clock radio. Finds a GREAT SONG, one that is
sexy and intimate and cool.

CHERRY

I think I like this place very much.

He glances at her. She starts to dance.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

I was voted *best dancer*. I have all
the moves.

She shows some of them, like she's in a talent show. She is a
very good dancer. She moves close then behind him. Swann is
intensely aware of her. Then --

A long leg appears in the air, in front of his face, and she
slides around him so she's now straddling him, looking into
his eyes from about four inches away.

SWANN

Not now.

She is insistent, knowing exactly how to move.

CHERRY

First time with man I choose myself.

And the CAMERA DRIFTS out the window where the SEA AND SHELL
MOTEL SIGN SHINES in the night, the L flickering on and off.

CUT TO:

6/29/12

72.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Davis behind a mountain of paperwork. Glances at photos of himself giving out a community service award. Talking to SCHOOL KIDS. We see Sophie on a bench with an open book. Cops still jittery, in hunt mode.

DAVIS
Anything on the Merc?

MINELLO
Not yet.

Minello signals to an interrogation room.

DAVIS
I know. IAB waiting. Pricks.

MINELLO
Not IAB. Some other pricks.

Davis follows Minello.

ANOTHER ROOM

Two MEN wait, one is BURTON, 30's, dark suit. The other is JIM, who we saw with Swann on the Battery. Jim wears a fishing hat, striped polo. On Golden Pond casual.

JIM
Officer Davis.

DAVIS
Yeah.

JIM
We want to show you a couple images,
see if you recognize these people.

Burton sets an advanced PIECE OF TECHNOLOGY on the table. He operates it with his phone.

JIM (CONT'D)
You know it's quite difficult to make
a first person ID, particularly after
a trauma.

DAVIS
Yeah, I heard something like that.

JIM
So we use holographic technology to
recreate the whole of the individual.

Jim nods. Burton hits a few keys... And suddenly TULCHENKIN is projected into the center of the table. Three feet tall. Same long hair. Same Charles Bronson look. He takes reflector shades on and off.

DAVIS

I'll be damned. That's him. That's the guy I pulled over.

Jim nods again. Suddenly Tulchenkin vanishes and BLACK ZEGNA is there, floating above the table. He's in uniform and salutes smartly. Davis stares.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I don't know.

JIM

You don't know what?

Something about how he says this.

DAVIS

I'm sorry, you are who again?

JIM

You feel free to call me whatever you like.

ANGLE - THROUGH THE GLASS - see that Sophie has been watching the projected images.

Now Jim nods to Burton. A few key strokes. And suddenly the holographic image SPEAKS. It's Black Zegna's VOICE --

BLACK ZEGNA (HOLOGRAPH)

(Russian)

The tragedy of the Transnistrian winter shall never be repeated.

DAVIS

Could be --

Burton has another device out of his bag of tricks. It's some kind of WAND/DETECTOR. Which he now, without asking permission, runs close to Davis as the SOUND of a RADIOACTIVE CLICKING is audible. Davis takes a step back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that?

BURTON

Geiger. I'm checking to see if you have been exposed to radiation.

(MORE)

BURTON (CONT'D)

(beat)

You have been exposed to radiation.

And just like that, Burton packs up his gear. And leaves.

JIM

I'd appreciate if you didn't mention this interaction to anyone.

DAVIS

I've been exposed to radiation. What the hell?

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Davis half follows them out onto the floor of the precinct.

DAVIS

Radiation?

Minello passing, pulls Davis by the arm.

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

Police in lead-lined HAZMAT suits hold a more rudimentary device up to a BUNDLE of CHERNOBYL smack. Hear the same audible RADIATION CLICKING.

MINELLO

There's radioactive smack all over this town. The buy/bust guys are coming up positive. Pure primo. OD's are through the roof.

DAVIS

What the fuck?

Davis turns, realizes Sophie is there.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that bad language.

SOPHIE

Shocking, truly. It's such a girls' choir in here usually.

MINELLO

IAB is waiting in Interview 1.

SOPHIE

Dad, I gotta tell you something --

MINELLO

(cutting her off, sharp)

And Davis -- With IAB. My advice.
Tell the truth. Straight up. No
embellishment. Got it?

(re: Sophie)

And this ain't day-care.

Minello pulls him by the arm. There's IAB waiting in the IAB
commandeered room.

SOPHIE

Dad --

DAVIS

Detention is the word he's looking
for. Not day-care. Do not move your
butt from that seat.

INT. IAB COMMANDEERED ROOM - DAY

Two IAB guys waiting. Not heavies. A different approach.
We're you're friends. Your friends who are fucking you.

IAB #1

Officer Davis. Sorry about your
partner. That's real tough. Tough
thing to have happen.

DAVIS

Thanks.

IAB #2 switches on the camera, a little red glow. They have
the forms he's filled out. And a thick file on him.

IAB #2

We also know you were partners for
all of one day. Fact he'd already
requested a new partner. You aware of
that?

Davis nods. IAB #1 glances at some file or other making
little sounds--

IAB #1

You used to run with some bad
motherfuckers. So I'm guessing you
used to be a bad motherfucker, but
somewhere along the way you turned
into... Mr. Free Lunch. The mystery
man. Where the fuck is Davis? Oh,
getting written up for some bullshit,
for taking some free...

(reads form)

(MORE)

IAB #1 (CONT'D)
Patalillos. Lee-Yo's...
(to his partner)
Am I saying that right?

IAB #2 shakes his head, nope, not saying it right.

IAB #1 (CONT'D)
*Puerto Rican mice pie. Goddamn pigeon
meat in a flaky pastry.*
(beat)
But I digress. Yesterday, when some
Russians are shooting it up and your
kidnapped partner's gun is discharged
three times, your gun discharged zero
times? Is that correct?

DAVIS
That's right.

IAB #1
Take me through the incident
beginning with the call on the radio
through the traffic stop where your
partner discharges his weapon and
yours remains in the holster?

DAVIS
It happened really fast.

IAB #1
Beginning with the radio call,
Officer Davis?

Camera is pushing on Davis. His eyes. The playful
intelligence going out like a light.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - THE CANDY STORE - NIGHT

Prostitutes cross a hallway. Girls waiting between "dates,"
watching Game of Thrones.

CHIDDYBANG (O.S.)
So you lost the ho? I must say I am
not surprised...

INT. CHIDDYBANG'S OFFICE - THE CANDY STORE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON IMAGES OF CHERRY in sexy lingerie.

CHIDDYBANG

See, when you in the church of the
flesh, I say listen to the preacher.
Amen.

EROS.COM. There she is as a BUSINESS WOMAN IN GLASSES. NAKED
FUR GIRL in front of fire. NAUGHTY SCHOOL TEACHER.

CHIDDYBANG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The preacher understand how the
product think. Amen...

Chiddybang's office. Half-naked girls at counting machines.

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)

Amen--

HALF-NAKED COUNTING GIRLS

(bored)

Amen.

CHIDDYBANG

Product think like a wild pony
sniffing a fire. Chiddybang's field
of expertise -- controlling the pony.
Like cowboy, *giddyup Chiddybang*.
Smell that fire before it get
started, before that little pony gets
its head up, ears twitching... before
it run.

ARKADY

How did whore update page?

CHIDDYBANG

Little white Android with a kitty
sticker on the back. Found it hidden
above panel in finest lady's room. Y
Tu, Brutus. Along with finest opium
import--

(whispers)

Heroin.

BLACK ZEGNA

I gave the phone to the Giant for
safekeeping.

ARKADY

Did you check when you found him?

Zegna ducks the question.

CHIDDYBANG
(with admiration)
Ho, ho, resourceful ho. Got her
little ho hands on telecommunications
and look what happen, whole
industries spring up.

Chiddybang slides open a desk drawer. Searches, pulls out a
sticky note - CHERRY - and a PHONE NUMBER.

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)
I recommend an app, it's called HO
FINDER -- get it in the App Store.
Any other problems you want for
Chiddybang to solve you know right
where to find him.

Arkady enters the data. Spins the laptop.

ARKADY
"Sea and Shell Motel." Staten Island.

CHIDDYBANG
I know that dump. Paki Palace.

Zegna looks, a CHEERFUL MOTOR INN near the water -- "SEA AND
SHELL MOTE" - the sign in the picture is missing the L.
Slowly pushing on the motel.

CHERRY (V.O.)
*We had done Cherry Orchard, the
Chekhov?*

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - "SEA AND SHELL MOTEL" - NIGHT

Car lights play across the ceiling. The neon reds and blues
from the "SEA AND SHELL" sign. They are in bed next to each
other, their own little island.

CHERRY
It's a play. And everyone is telling
me how I am. They say it like, I told
you you would be famous, I told you
you should be a model, I told you so.
It's like a little success is blown
up, with everyone trying to take
ownership of it, of some bigger thing
that hasn't happened yet, but is sure
to happen. It's quite intoxicating
this, I think. And one day I am down
at City Beach on Dniester River...

EXT. TIRASPOL CITY BEACH - DNIESTER RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Like a modern version of the grandmother visit in BONNIE & CLYDE. A sandy public beach on a river in Transnistria. Crowded with young people. Ukrainian and Romanian GIRLS in clusters. Girls watching a group of boys.

CHERRY (V.O.)

And there are these silly boys and my friend, Helena, she has a crush on one, Ivasha, who has been showing off, saying he will jump off the rail bridge.

"IVASHA" is a young man, 20's, in a tight bathing suit, upside down, doing a handstand. He's looking not at Helena but at the camera. He winks.

CHERRY (V.O.)

With these boys it is like trick of a wizard. One kiss and, poof, four children, wife of bricklayer.

Cherry's glance is carried from Helena to a SLICK BOAT, the fanciest on the river. Older men and sexy women are drinking.

CHERRY (V.O.)

And there is one nice boat on river. Belongs to maybe bad guy. But he is telling me all these things. Buying me expensive things.

POV tightens on one man, "CLIVE," who scans the city beach in a disinterested way.

INT. "BEER AND DISCO CLUB" - TRANSNISTRIA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLIVE looking at something that makes him happier than a cat playing with string.

CHERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)

I just relate to the character of Ranevsky so much. She's like me...

CLIVE

Would you study hard? Work hard? Not complain at doing whatever it takes? Not whine, but be a worker? Because it is work, acting.

(to his friend)

She is very beautiful, but do you think she would be willing to do what it takes?

His friend is CHIDDYBANG who nods slightly.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Cherry remembering.

CHERRY

They give all the girls stupid stage names. *Sweet Tart. Kit Kat. Cup-o-gold. Blowpop. I'm Cherry-on-Top. Cherry for short. Clever.*

(beat)

I wish we could stay here forever. This would be our little place. You would go out and work and I would be here reading fashion magazines and talking on the phone and making food for you just the way you like it. Why not? Why couldn't it be?

EXT. "SEA AND SHELL MOTEL" - NIGHT

BLACK ESCALADES roll up to the motel.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE - NIGHT

A POV scanning the quiet motel. A few lights on. A Night Office with a PAKISTANI FAMILY around a steaming pot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

She's snuggled closer to him. Selling the dream.

CHERRY

And you would come home and I would say, *Darling, I missed you.* And you would have brought me a little gift and I would tell all my friends about it and they would be jealous and I would stop doing heroin and every day we would love each other more than the one before.

(beat)

My real name is Ksenia.

SWANN

Ksenia. I like that.

CHERRY

And you are Swann? Like in *Proust*?

SWANN

Like in *The Warriors*.

CHERRY

Stage name. You are actor, too.

She clearly wants to know something about him.

SWANN

I was eidetic. You know that word?

(she doesn't)

Means I had a perfect memory, like a camera. But I lost it. In an accident...

(beat)

I overestimated my abilities.

CHERRY

I forgive you.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Men moving along the rows of rooms. They see a BLONDE pass a motel room window on the second story. Head that direction.

A cheating HUSBAND pokes his head out as RUSSIAN HIT MEN grab him and SEARCH HIS ROOM.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Her head on his chest. The aluminum attache glows. Something occurs to him. He goes to it. He moves a bottom hinge. Moves both simultaneously --

A WHIRRING SOUND. A SECRET COMPARTMENT SLIDES OPEN, and a SMOOTH OBSIDIAN CYLINDER falls into his hand.

A BLUETOOTH INDICATOR LIGHTS searching for its mate. He knows exactly what this is. It has a strange malevolence.

CHERRY

What is it?

No answer.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

It's bad, isn't it?

Swann looks over at her.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Let's leave. We can disappear. We'll go together. Right now.

It scrolls across his face, the idea of running, and then the hardening reality that he is not a person who runs. And just then THE POWER IN THE MOTEL GOES OUT.

SWANN AT THE BLINDS looks DOWN TO THE PARKING LOT --

THREE SUV's. TIGHTER on a HAND OUT THE WINDOW of one, with a LIT CIGARETTE, RINGS. Ash falls slowly to the pavement.

SWANN

How did they find us so quickly?
(momentarily angry)
Did you call someone? Tell me!

PUSHING on Cherry.

CHERRY

I...I'm sorry.

She pulls out the white Android phone.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

I was afraid not to have it.

He takes the phone, pulls the SIM/GPS chip, hands the phone back, already on the move--

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Did I ruin everything?

SWANN

Things were gonna get interesting.
They just got interesting now.

Swann PULLS GEAR from the "BIG STAN'S" BAGS. A 60 millimeter SNIPER RIFLE ("when you gotta get that buck at 2,000 meters"), another GLOCK 17 ("when you gotta kill 17 bucks close-quarter and fast"), a LAND MINE ("you just never know 'bout them sneaky-ass deer").

SWANN (CONT'D)

Now listen, this is very important.
Are you listening? Ksenia? You're gonna go out that way and run through the cemetery. You'll come to water. And you're gonna throw this in.

He tries to give her the cylinder. She doesn't want to go.

SWANN (CONT'D)

As far as you can. And then you'll head to the Battery. The Battery Marriott. I'll find you. Okay?
(snap)
Ksenia? Okay?

Finally she nods.

EXT. "SEA AND SHELL MOTEL," - NIGHT

Mid-century motel with exterior ice-machines and stairwells all over the place. Cherry scampers away through shadows.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Swann DRAGS a table toward the FRONT WINDOW of their room. Uses it to stabilize the bi-pods of the sniper rifle, which is really more like a cannon.

The curtain separates and the nose of the rifle slides the window open a crack, then pushes against the screen.

SWANN'S POV THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE CROSS-HAIRS

SUV's idling, exhaust, parking lights. Small pile of cigarette butts. The cross-hairs move back up, finding a point above the licence plate.

HE FIRES -- THE LARGE CALIBER SHELL EXPLODES OUT -- SPLITS THE NIGHT -- PEELS THE METAL LIKE BUTTER -- INTO THE SUV -- FINDING THE 40 GALLON GAS TANK -- GOING IN -- THROUGH THE FUEL -- EXITING -- TWO HOLES -- GAS NOW DRAINING OUT ACROSS PARKING LOT TO GLOWING CIGARETTE BUTT --

WHOOSH -- THE GAS IGNITES -- BURNS BACK UP INTO THE TANK.

Swann takes his eye from the scope, watches a beat --

KA-BOOM --!! A FIREBALL INTO THE SKY.

He sights on another SUV. Takes out the ENGINE BLOCK. And the THIRD. Men RUNNING from it.

Swann already leaving this hotel room.

NOTE: CAMERA LIFTS UP AND SHOOTS OVER THE WALL BREAKS FOLLOWING SWANN'S MOVEMENTS FROM ABOVE.

EXT. SEA AND SHELL MOTEL - NIGHT

Swann brings the Browning-like 60 millimeter and the land-mine and runs along the walkway.

INT. ANOTHER MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Swann falls in the back window. He can hear MEN four rooms down getting ready to burst in his old room.

He quickly gets the coffee pot (Mr. Coffee, wake up timer, every kitchenette has one) and rips out the wires to the timer. Connects the timer to the land mine. Sets it to :59 SECONDS. Carries all of it to the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sets coffee maker and land mine on bathroom floor. Takes out the SIM/GPS CHIP from Cherry's phone and puts it in his phone and leaves the phone on the porcelain back of the toilet.

He goes through the shower curtain, leaves the BROWNING-LIKE 60 MIL IN THE TUB and shimmies out the bathroom window.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Now camera from above drops down and follows Swann in one continuous shot as he ducks around a SODA MACHINE and sees men using the FIND HO APP to track her phone out of their old room and down to the MINED ROOM.

PULLING with SWANN who is going down the stairs and waiting around the corner with a view up to the room as the camera finds his watch -- a timer -- 00:00 --

A HUGE EXPLOSION

Swann heading around the corner MOTEL OFFICE.

Silenced AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRING. Soft PHHTT sounds. The glass of the MOTEL OFFICE EXPLODING as Swann dodges and runs.

With Swann, long shadows. Orson Wells shadows. He ducks in and out of the maze of rooms. Occupants peer out. Duck away.

Swann moves to another structure, eerie in moonlight. SOMEONE is on one side or the other. Swann holds his breath.

The BARREL of a gun appears. Swann GRABS it and yanks hard, pulling SOMEONE off-balance --

ARKADY SATAROV. The gun FIRES. Bullet goes through three soft Motel walls -- Swann tries to hit Arkady. Both are really fast --then ARKADY SPRAYS SOMETHING in Swann's face -- Swann bats a TINY AEROSOL away -- and hits Arkady viciously -- SLAMMING him into a wall -- another fast strike to the throat -- raises his fist to finish him when SWANN'S VISION BLURS. DOUBLES AND TRIPLES. Three moons on an alien planet --

He punches weakly -- as we hear his HEARTBEAT RACING.

Arkady, stunned, has sunk to his knees. Swann blindly searches him, pulling his shirt. REVEALING-- THE DOCTOR DEATH BELT, THE SYRINGES AND SPRAYS--Swann's eyes are closing. His HEART FIGHTING FOR EACH BEAT now. Louder, more uncertain. THUMP THUMP THUMP-- A SYRINGE. Tries to read the BLURRED CYRILLIC--just STABS IT INTO HIS LEG-- Stumbles blindly away-- COLLAPSING--gun up in two shaky hands, searching the shadows--

BREATHING SLOWS, HEARTBEAT SPREADS OUT, vision RETURNS -- Now Swann moves to finish Arkady. HE'S GONE.

ARKADY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from nearby)
I remember you.

SWANN
You were not crazy. But what you're doing now is crazy.

Swann starts to go down but stops. There are dried leaves on the stairs. No footprints. He backs away.

And realizes, too late, Arkady IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM. An arm around Swann's neck and a silenced BARREL to his head.

ARKADY
Speak clearly.

SWANN
I just saw a detonator for an RA-135.

ARKADY
Bull shit.

SWANN
Secret compartment in an attache.
Cylinder. Yay big --

ARKADY
Where is the detonator?

SWANN
Gone. Where it can do no harm.

ARKADY
You're sure?

Swann nods. And Arkady releases Swann, backs carefully away. These are dangerous men, but it's a different Arkady.

ARKADY (CONT'D)
Go. Quickly.

Russian VOICES in the DISTANCE.

ARKADY (CONT'D)
I lost you in the dark.

Swann realizes Arkady is letting him go. He starts away. Hears VOICES CLOSING. Hears ONE PARTICULAR VOICE. BLACK ZEGNA. Closing on him. Giving orders in Russian.

Swann pauses, sweating. Wild-eyed. He sees Zegna closing on him, the grim reaper himself.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

Go. Now. What are you doing?

SWANN'S POV -- Things fraying. Step SHUTTER. Fragments of details. And then he's on his back, moon exiting clouds.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. VOLGA V-12 COUPE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Swann, with a briefcase in one hand, is running. Realize many KGB GUYS are running after him. He jumps in --

THE VOLGA A-LEVEL V-12 COUPE, one of the coolest cars ever made. Checking REARVIEW -- cars appearing in pursuit.

He's reaching across the seat, searching the case. Finding A 5 X 8 ENVELOPE SEALED WITH WAX. Swann rips the seal open, ripping the heavy envelope open.

ON A CARD - *CYRILLIC CODE 32 LETTERS LONG*

Swann glances in the rear-view and sees A MAN WITH A GUN rising from the back seat. Swann's foot RAMS THE ACCELERATOR.

Swann flattened against the seat, foot on the accelerator, bouncing around crazily, reaching for the code card.

VOLGA V-12 shoots into an INTERSECTION as a RUSSIAN TRUCK -- T-BONES the VOLGA -- the VOLGA TUMBLING OVER AND OVER.

EXT. WHEAT - DAY

The Volga and the truck smoldering at the roadside. Swann has been thrown into a wheat field. He stares up through swaying wheat. In the blue sky is a pale moon. BLACK ZEGNA appears above him. Looking down, pistol rising into frame --

BLACK ZEGNA

It's not personal.

BANG. We see the sky darken. The pale moon darkens --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

MOON. Swann on his back and BLACK ZEGNA in frame above him.

BLACK ZEGNA (RUSSIAN)
I am the resurrection, and the life
and he that believeth in me, though
he were dead...
(switching to English)
And all that crap.

Down comes a goddamn ZEGNA ANKLE BOOT on Swann's face.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)
Where is it?

Nothing from Swann. Again the Zegna ankle boot falls.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)
Where is my device?

But then a VOICE O.S. --

CHERRY (O.S.)
Let him go and I will do exactly what
you ask of me.

Swann sees CHERRY in the clearing, HOLDING THE DEVICE.

SWANN
No--

He sees Zegna smile. Arkady has jammed a hypo in Swann's thigh. Goddamn ZEGNA ANKLE BOOT comes down again. Swann can read the goddamn label, ZEGNA, on the sole.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

A DOOR OPENS. Davis exits the IAB room. Wrung out. Walks distractedly through the early AM precinct. Sees SOPHIE, asleep with her head on a desk.

DAVIS
Hey, Bunny. Time to hop on up.

She wakes, looks around, alert pretty quickly.

SOPHIE
Dad. I have to tell you something.
I've seen those guys they projected.
Both of them.

FLASH: Zegna and Tulchenkin. Sophie sneaking a peek.

DAVIS
What do you mean, you've seen them?

SOPHIE
Going into The Candy Store. Here, I
can show you.

Sophie opens up her laptop.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Promise you won't be mad.

DAVIS
Getting a feeling there's no chance
of that.

SOPHIE
Well, you know how every day
basically limos of dudes from
Manhattan roll up and like at least
half of them are wearing wedding
rings, you know that, right? I had
this idea to make it a bit less, you
know, anonymous.

DAVIS
No, I don't know.

ON HER LAPTOP - A PHOTO LIBRARY OF JOHNS

Just John after John. LONG LENS, surveillance-style. Rich
guys. Fancy suits. Exiting town cars. Looking around. On the
phone. Furtive. Inebriated. Heading into The Candy Store.

SOPHIE
We were gonna put them up on a blog
we're starting, called, *Sex
Professionals & Married Johns*.

DAVIS
Catchy. That's insane.

SOPHIE
No. It's direct action. Which I
believe is every American citizen's
right when their government has
failed them.
(beat)
So look --

ON SCREEN - TULCHENKIN, BLACK ZEGNA, THE GIANT OF TIRASPOL
outside the Candy Store.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(Tulchenkin)
That's him, right?

Davis looks at her a beat. She's waiting for him to yell.

DAVIS
(proudly)
You are more like your goddamn mother
every day!

CUT TO:

INT. YASNAYA POLYANA - "BIRCHES" - THE CANDY STORE - DAY

As a FOREST OF BIRCH TREES comes into focus, as Swann
realizes he's looking at a mural, realizes he's restrained --

BLACK ZEGNA
No black helicopters in the sky, no
clean-up, no smart weapons knocking
at the door asking my name... It's
just you, isn't it? You're out. The
toy gets a scratch, so it is
discarded for a new toy.
(beat)
They just never understand the value
of experience, do they?

Zegna drags a chair closer to Swann and sits backwards.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)
When I was a boy I had a dog. A
beautiful animal. Part wolf. One
morning a neighbor appears with a
cardboard box. In the cardboard box
are puppies, each one looking more
like Rex than the last. The neighbor
has a kennel and a breeding
operation. He says he will kill Rex.
But no matter what we did, Rex got
out and he went back. He went back
and he mounted those bitches. He
couldn't help it. It was his nature.
Then one morning I again hear the
neighbor's truck coming down the
lane. And again he has a cardboard
box, much bigger than the last. And
Rex is in it. Shot. Dying quite
painfully. My father ordered me to
put him out of his misery.

INSERT: YOUNG ZEGNA holds a big black gun over his dying dog.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)
I dragged the box to the rear of the
barn. It was heavy.
(MORE)

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Rex looking at me the whole way almost as if he understood what he had done, what had happened to him, and what would happen now. It was quite profound this understanding between us.

INSERT: The boy's finger pulls the trigger, RECOIL jarring him backwards.

BLACK ZEGNA (CONT'D)

I tell you this story to illustrate a simple idea: that I understand an animal being true to his nature. I have deep respect for this principle. And to tell you clearly there is no way I will fail to kill you a third time.

He leaves. Swann is testing the restraints when he hears the door click and sees Cherry materialize in the birches.

SWANN

You should have run.

CHERRY

I made bargain. I do what they ask of me. They let you live.

SWANN

You can't bargain with them.

CHERRY

Are you alive?

He sees she's just vibrating with nerves.

SWANN

Hey-- Come here. A little closer.

(beat)

Do some of that acting, the bit that got you noticed. Just a little.

She looks at him like he's insane. But he's insistent. She looks around, sees Chiddybang in the door not giving a shit either way. She gathers herself and transforms --

CHERRY/RANEVSKY

My husband drank himself to death on champagne; he was a fearful drinker. Then for my sins I fell in love and went off with another man;

(MORE)

CHERRY/RANEVSKY (CONT'D)
and immediately--that was my first
punishment--a blow full on the head
here, in this very river my little
boy was drowned; and I went abroad,
right, right away, never to come back
any more, never to see this river
again.

And even Swann who may not spend his life parsing the
gradations of thespianism is moved. Then she's gone and it's
just Chiddybang looking at Swann.

CHIDDYBANG
Chiddybang the baby-sitter. The
motherfucking babysitter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CANDY STORE - DAY

Yet another CAR SERVICE pulling up, dropping randy finance
fellows, wiping, REVEALING DAVIS, in shadow, staring hard as
the men who greet the off-duty cops are welcomed inside.

Davis, not yet ready to confront them, turns away.

INT. SOPHIE DAVIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Crossed fencing swords. Awards. Photos. A picture of SOPHIE,
age 4, in a PINK TUTU, holding her MOM's hand. Davis kisses
his two fingers and presses them to the image of the mother.

A USB cable runs from Sophie's COMPUTER to a CAMERA aimed at
THE CANDY STORE.

ON COMPUTER MONITOR

FOOTAGE of the same view. Time lapse. MEN ENTERING. MEN
LEAVING... AND...

THE GREY MERC -- SCREECHING UP FAST, backing up, disappearing
down a steep ramp UNDER THE CANDY STORE. Same garage door
down street. UNIONIZE SEX WORKERS fading where it's been
scrubbed away.

Tighter on DAVIS.

GUN SAFE

Davis pulls out a Python, a large barrel .385. A classic.
Lovingly cared for, if not used for a while. Spring-loaded
slimline holster. The kind of gun you carry if, well, if you
have a past you've been putting behind you for say about 19
years. It's all on his face.

A NOISE behind him and he jumps --- whirling -- gun leveled --

DAVIS

Jeezus --

SOPHIE is there.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Do you ever listen? I mean, even once. Just to shake it up.

SOPHIE

Not when my dad is on some stupid suicide mission.

DAVIS

Not on a suicide mission. On a neighborhood reclamation project.

(beat)

When your mom was dying, I promised her that nothing would ever happen to me as long as I was raising you, that you'd always have me when you needed me. That I'd raise you properly, the way she'd have done it. And along the way, if I'm honest, maybe I started to hide behind it a little bit, maybe I got a little soft. But we're there now. You're raised up. I wouldn't change a thing. But now I gotta raise myself back up, too. And you gotta understand that.

She really doesn't want him to go. But he has to go.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Fifteen minutes, you don't see me, call 911.

EXT. THE CANDY STORE - DAY

A JOHN tossing a bottle... BOUNCING on the cement. BOUNCE. BOUNCE. BREAKS by fast moving feet--

DAVIS WALKING to the door where TWO OFF-DUTY COPS intercept --

OFF-DUTY

Davis --

DAVIS

Guys, just walk away.

Davis tries to get by. They grab him. A sloppy tussle. He's slammed against a wall. His showdown at the OK Corral is not off to a winning start --

OFF-DUTY

Davis, you know how--

Davis has the Python up in the guy's face.

DAVIS

They brought Mahoney in here.

OFF-DUTY

Nobody brought Mahoney in here.

Surprisingly fast, Davis pulls the guy's gun. Now TWO LARGE CALIBERS in his face.

DAVIS

On your belly, you know how to do it.

The guy can't believe it, but gets down. Davis pulls his cuffs and cuffs him to the other off-duty beside him.

OFF-DUTY

You're gonna pay. You know that, Davis.

DAVIS

I already paid.

Davis disappears in the unmarked door.

INT. CANDY STORE SECURITY - DAY

An UZBEK watching a bank of cameras, sees Davis cuffing the off-duty guys. Turns to another guy --

UZBEK (HEAVY ACCENT)

We have red ball.

INT. CANDY STORE FOYER - DAY

Davis inside surprises another GUARD. Gun to his head.

DAVIS

Looking for my partner.

GUARD (RAPID UZBEKI)

You are dead man.

DAVIS

Yeah, yeah.

He brings the gun down. And again. Years of pent-up restraint falling away in moments.

INT. CANDY STORE - LOUNGE - DAY

Davis's eyes adjust. Not what he expected. An X-rated Russian amusement park. There's the Milk Bar done in Russian winter with landscape paintings by Savrasov. DUDES from finance attended by BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, a frat party that never stops.

A Plexiglass piano WITH A BEAUTIFUL SIREN singing a BEAUTIFUL SIREN SONG that weaves its way across the festivities with just the right keening note. Davis drops twenty in the glass.

DAVIS

That's a pretty song.

INT. CANDY STORE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Davis heading up, SECURITY coming down.

DAVIS

I'm a cop.

GUARD 2

We don't care.

Davis throws THE FIRST who crumples in the stairwell. ANOTHER dives on him and they land on the first.

THE STAIRCASE FIGHT. Think Mean Streets pool hall brawl, inelegant but real. Davis pulling a piece of bannister, using it like a bat. He's strong, shaking off the rust.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

See a BUNCH OF RUSSIANS, ex-paramilitary, getting geared up, while Davis rampages across the various CCTV SCREENS.

INT. CANDY STORE - ANOTHER FLOOR - DAY

Davis throwing open doors --

TABLEAUS IN ROOMS:

1: COKED-UP NAKED HEDGE FUND MANAGERS watching FOX NEWS coverage of the WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

FOX NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

*Land war in Asia sends stocks
higher...*

2: A WHITE ROOM. Like Siberia. Like the Russian Steppe. Murals of infinite vastness. And a woman in a sheer red dress against the white. A MAN IN A DIAPEE.

DAVIS

Aww, Jesus H. on a stick.

3: BORED PONY GIRLS, all bridles, lingerie, prancing. Davis turning away.

INT. CANDY STORE HALLWAY -- ANOTHER FLOOR -- DAY

Davis emerging up another staircase. Another hall. A door painted with WHITE BIRCHES. The sign is in Cyrillic.

Davis tries this door. It's locked. He hears muffled yelling from inside. He shoots it. Then throws his shoulder into it--

INT. YASANAYA POLYANA ROOM - CANDY STORE - DAY

Davis crashing into the middle of the room, looking for Mahoney or Tulchenkin. Sees Swann in restraints on the bed.

SWANN

Listen to me. I think there is a nuclear device in the city. You have to unlock me.

Davis takes in the John shackled to the bed.

DAVIS

A nuclear device. You don't say.

SWANN

I'm held here against my will.

DAVIS

And you like that? Sick pervert.

SWANN

I do not like it.

DAVIS

I'm looking for a cop named Mahoney. Or a Mongolian guy. Tulchenkin.

SWANN

He's Tartar, not Mongolian.

Davis stops.

DAVIS

What'd you say?

SWANN
Stanislas Tulchenkin.

Davis's gun now on Swann.

DAVIS
Were you in that Mercedes?

SWANN
V-12? Shark grey.

DAVIS
Where's my partner --1?

SWANN
Key is in the bureau.

DAVIS
I don't know about that, superfreak.

Now we HEAR MORE SECURITY IN THE HALL, COMING UP THE STAIRS.

SWANN
By yourself, you've got zero chance
of getting out of here alive. With
me, maybe fifty-fifty.

Davis looks between Swann and the door.

SWANN (CONT'D)
And you've got maybe ten seconds.

Davis shuts the door. Locks it. Unlocks Swann.

SWANN (CONT'D)
Do you have another gun?

Davis feels for it, the one he took from the cop outside.

DAVIS
I lost it.

SWANN
Knife? Mace?
(yep)
And gimme that bat.

Davis realizes the piece of the bannister is in his hand. He passes it and the mace and knife to Swann. Swann raises the shade and looks out the window.

SWANN (CONT'D)
What's your name?

DAVIS

Davis.

Bullets now EXPLODE THROUGH THE DOOR, just missing them.

SWANN

I don't want to get the wrong idea about you, Davis, that you're a FUCKING IDIOT, but start firing back through that door. I need five minutes.

Swann disappears out the window.

Davis lifts the Python and sights on a shadow passing a hole in the door. Without blinking, he shakes off the last 15 years, EMPTYING THE HIGH-CALIBER CLIP, SHREDDING THE DOOR.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Swann on a ledge forty feet above an alley. Inches his way to a drainpipe which he uses to go up to another floor.

He looks in a window but sees only himself reflected in glass and heavy curtains.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - CANDY STORE - DAY

Swann crashes through the window into the room where women on SMACK nod watching reruns of LAW AND ORDER. They barely stir.

Swann is already moving for the door.

INT. MAZE OF ROOMS - CANDY STORE - DAY

Swann goes in one room. Then another. Then another. He's passing through when SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE.

AN IV DRIP BAG on a coat hanger. Jury-rigged. Swann goes to the figure. A sheet moving slowly with someone's breath.

OFFICER MAHONEY

The pasty rookie. Sedated. Blindfolded. NYPD blues cut away to reveal professional bandaging.

INT. BACK STAIRCASE - CANDY STORE - DAY

Swann down the carpeted stairs. Magnificent black light velour art. Hears MANY PEOPLE in a hallway. Hears dialects of Nigerian, Russian, Sudanese, Transnistrian, Uzbek, Kazakh.

There's a lot of antagonistic force massed in the hallway leading to where Davis is barricaded.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Swann enters the hallway.

If we've seen him be violent before, seen him kill people, it's absolutely nothing compared to what happens next:

Moving very smoothly and quickly, yet without haste somehow, using a piece of railing and a knife, he destroys every single person he encounters, easily separating the ARMED MEN from the BARELY-CLAD WOMEN shrieking in various languages.

He stabs the men, shoots them, hits them with the baton. He is covered in blood, drenched really, in an absolute aria of violence, and then he's closing the door where the men are still held down by Davis shooting from inside.

Everything is silent from his POV. Reacting not thinking, it's pleasing to him to still be able to move so fast, so autonomically, and not think, with the results so sure.

And then he's outside the door to Yasnaya Polyana, "Birches," in a pile of bodies and slowly his silence blends with the actual silence of the world and it's very quiet, too.

The door is totally shredded. Then an EYEBALL PEERING OUT.

SWANN

Davis, it's me.

Door opens. Davis sees the blood-covered Swann, the bodies, ANOTHER DOOR quietly opening and HEDGIES try to sneak past.

DAVIS

You're just gonna walk out of here?

HEDGIE

Sir, we're sincerely sorry.

Davis starts following them, KICKING ONE in the ass.

DAVIS

Like you weren't even here. Have your fun and ride back over the bridge maybe get a goddamn burger at PJ Clarke's on the way home? This is my street WHERE I LIVE!

Davis boots the last one in the ass again. Swann has been watching this outburst. He kinda likes it.

INT. CHIDDYBANG'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Chiddybang, in bulletproof vest and Mets cap. Signals to women to keep counting money. He stashes a brick of money in the safe. Then the door is blown open. Swann enters, sees women, money, Chiddybang--sitting calmly behind his desk.

SWANN

Where is Cherry? Where did she go?

CHIDDYBANG

I make it my business not to get into the business of clients.

SWANN

That's nice. A policy. Stand up.

Davis has entered behind Swann. Swann glances at him. See Chiddybang's hand slipping toward a drawer with a PISTOL. Swann slams the drawer on Chiddybang's fingers --

SWANN (CONT'D)

I should get you up to speed on a salient fact: if I have to ask you again to stand up I will blow the back of your head all over your clown wallpaper.

Chiddybang stands. On the wall, there is clown wallpaper.

SWANN (CONT'D)

Let's play a game. I'm thinking of a color. Red or black. You guess which.

CHIDDYBANG

Don't want to play a game.

SWANN

That's funny. See, that choice-- that's a different game..

(beat)

Red or black?

CHIDDYBANG

What if I guess wrong?

SWANN

I kill you.

CHIDDYBANG

What if I guess right?

SWANN

I wouldn't worry about that.

Chiddybang now looks at Davis.

CHIDDYBANG
Restrain this homicidal maniac.

DAVIS
I think this is a real good game. I
like it. How simple it is.

CHIDDYBANG
Then you play, motherfucker.

SWANN
Red or black?

Behind SWANN one of the girls has pulled a gun from a cushion
and Davis easily takes it from her.

SWANN (CONT'D)
What's it gonna be? Red or black?

Chiddybang is sweating. Sees the faces of the women staring.

CHIDDYBANG
What the fuck are you looking at?
(to Swann)
Okay, motherfucker, a *financial*
services corporation --

SWANN
Red or black?

CHIDDYBANG
It's a bank, somewhere in Mid-town.
Dave Motherfucking Moore works there.
Find him, you find her.

SWANN
Red or Black?

CHIDDYBANG
That's all I know and now I've told
you, motherfucker, so game is off!

Swann PRESSES the barrel to Chiddybang's forehead, right
between his eyes. He slowly thumbs the hammer back.

Chiddybang's eyes flick to Davis, back to Swann, to Davis,
back to Swann. The black barrel splitting his sight.

CHIDDYBANG (CONT'D)
BLACK. 'Cause you a BLACKHEARTED
motherfucker.

SWANN
(long beat)
Bang.

Chiddybang smiles. Swann lowers the gun. Chiddybang's crotch.

SWANN (CONT'D)
Red.

He FIRES -- CHIDDYBANG SCREAMS.

INT. CANDY STORE - HALLWAY - DAY

Davis, totally adrenalized, watching Swann move fast.

DAVIS
You're good. Did I mention that?

SWANN
"Mahoney" is on the top floor. Three minutes.

DAVIS
Three minutes to what?

Swann finds what he's looking for, starts pulling the gas pipes out of the wall.

SWANN
I'm going to eradicate this place.

DAVIS
Just the way you say that: eradicate.
That's next level shit.

Davis is already on the move, disappearing up the stairs.

Swann has a PHONE, opens the back case to the battery, attaches a PAPER CLIP, sets it on the gas meter.

Swann then picks up a duffel bag of WEAPONS. And walks.

ALL THROUGH THE CANDY STORE

HEAR DAVIS ROUSTING PEOPLE.

DAVIS (O.S.)
Out. Out. Everybody out. Candy Store is closed. Ladies, scumballs, time to exit this building.

VARIOUS SHOTS: people coming out of rooms, out of hiding, girls, men, the whole crazy carnival moving down halls, moving like cattle out of the building.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

And then Davis finds Mahoney. IV Drip. Unconscious.

DAVIS
Mahoney. Mahoney are you alive?

Mahoney's eyes flicker open. See Davis standing there, taking in the IV drip and professional bandages.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'll be damned.

INT. THE CANDY STORE MAIN STAIRCASE - DAY

Employees, sex workers, management, all stripes, flooding down the stairs heading for the light.

EXT. THE CANDY STORE - DAY

Hookers and pimps milling away from the front door as fast as they can, blinking in the bright Brooklyn sunlight. As DISTANT SIRENS can be heard.

Swann, walking the other way, takes out ANOTHER PHONE.

Davis exits, with Mahoney staggering along next to him, all his weight on Davis, past the prostrate OFF-DUTY COPS who squint up at him.

DAVIS
Not giving a fuck is contagious.

He carries Mahoney up the street toward his own house.

SOPHIE running down the steps from their house in disbelief, seeing her dad carrying his partner.

ANGLE - SWANN pressing DIAL. A beat as the call connects --

INSERT: THE PHONE ON THE GAS METER RINGS, SPARKS --

EXT. THE CANDY STORE - DAY

A deep concussive RUMBLE. People are fleeing.

And DAVIS almost to Sophie as, BEHIND HIM, THE CANDY STORE IMPLODES LIKE A DEMOLITION SITE ---

POLICE and AMBULANCES and all sorts of people begin arriving.

The MEDICS FROM THE OPENING SCENE begin attending Mahoney.

OTHER COPS are looking at Davis, seeing a new Davis. And THERE'S SOPHIE looking at him with something like respect. And Davis is embarrassed. He turns, watches the Ukrainian and Romanian girls idling past their stoop.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Zombie hookers from Russia cannot be
killed.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A few blocks down from The Candy Store, there's an Imprezza with its driver's side door open. And Swann is inside the car, trying to steal it.

The SHITBOX CRUISER slides into frame. Swann looks over.

DAVIS
See, that's a felony, right there.
Lose your right to vote. Can't sit on
a jury. Can't own body armor.

Davis opens the door --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
We're taking the Belt Parkway to the
Battery Tunnel. Save at least an hour
this time of day.

Swann hesitates, then gets in. As the CAR WHIPS AROUND and RACES AWAY --

DAVIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You were gonna take the BQE to the
Williamsburg, you know you were, but
it's all messed up from construction
on East Houston. Did you know we got
wetlands in Brooklyn?

CAMERA RISES OVER THE BROWNSTONES to see - THE OUTLINE OF THE NY SKYLINE, the classic one from Woody Allen's MANHATTAN. And SCRIBBLED IN NEXT TO IT --

A GIANT #5 and STAMPED OVER THE TOP --

Super: THE BANK

With the same white hot projector light blasting through the letters, illuminating all of us supplicants.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRST ATLANTIC BANK - MID-TOWN -- DAY

The FIRST ATLANTIC BANK TOWER rising into the sky.

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC - "LEVERAGING SECURITIZED ASSETS" -- DAY

A GOLD VAULT, as splendid as the treasure vaults of Croesus, projected on GIANT SCREENS. A CROWDED ROOM and the sort of self-congratulatory moment that features speeches and a HIGH-PRICED CORPORATE SPEAKER like Malcolm Gladwell who will tweak and flatter in equal measure. In fact, it is MALCOLM GLADWELL, in wrinkled shirt and denim --

GLADWELL

Thank you, it's a pleasure to be here.

In the crowded room are reps of INSTITUTIONS and PRIVATE INVESTORS who have made the new GOLD EXCHANGE possible.

GLADWELL (CONT'D)

I last spoke at First Atlantic in I believe 2009, a room just like this, in fact it might have been this room.

MONEY MANAGERS, HEDGE FUND GURUS, and the HEADS OF SMALL, CORRUPT NATIONS, whose many children will attend Andover and pay cash for houses in Malibu.

GLADWELL (CONT'D)

It was 45 minutes for an exorbitant fee and I remember I took a taxi up from Greenwich Village where I live and I took a taxi home...

COCKTAIL NAPKINS with a LOGO OF BULLION; CATER WAITERS lined up a hundred deep like some jet-stream of arugula.

GLADWELL (CONT'D)

And later I turned in both receipts which were promptly reimbursed. So thank you First Atlantic.

LAUGHTER. FIND CHERRY listening, but conscious of DAVE MOORE across the room. His POV - a golden glow surrounds Cherry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - THE BOMB MONTAGE -- DAY

GOLD LIGHT emanating from the OPEN TAIL of an UNMARKED CARGO PLANE. HEAVY PALLETS unloaded into an ARMORED CAR.

CYRILLIC LETTERS -- SUPER: 100 GOLD BARS

BLOOMBERG (V.O.)

Bloomberg first reported in March that First Atlantic's new *Exchange Traded Gold Fund* would be backed by an on-site depository, seven stories beneath the bedrock of Manhattan. And today that exchange will open as wealthy investors, hit by gold fever, have been buying it by the ton. Not just institutional investors, but individuals and even nations--

INSERT: Transnistrian President, TIMUR RAZORONOV, waving --

NEWSCAST (V.O.)

Are storing and leveraging gold as a hedge against inflation.

A LINE OF IDENTICAL ARMORED CARS waiting pulling out --

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL HOUSE -- BROOKLYN - DAY

The bulky ROLLING CASE is carried from the house by TWO MEN. A rickety dock, a Boston Whaler rocking gently.

PUSHING on the ONION DOME STICKER, the CYRILLIC TEXT, the same case we first saw on the dock in Yalta --

CUT TO:

INT. AWACS PLANE - DAY

The INFRARED SCREEN in the PLANE: HOTSPOTS ALL OVER BROOKLYN.

PILOT (O.S.)

Radioactive smack overwhelms Big Apple Radiation Net. There's a headline you don't want out there.

The CO-PILOT pulls his head back from the dizzying confusion of so many readings. Hear the bite of an apple.

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fifteen thousand junkies all getting simultaneous chest x-rays.

ON THE SCREEN: one hotspot momentarily FLARES --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL HOUSE - DAY

The ROLLING CASE fits inside a LEAD-LINED SPACE in the back of an armored car. The "gold" is painted Styrofoam.

The ARMORED CAR pulls out, driven by TULCHENKIN.

On the side: FIRST ATLANTIC - PROTECTING THE FUTURE. It's at the head of the JFK ARMORED CARS all heading INTO MANHATTAN.

EXT. MIDTOWN - DAY

The CARAVAN OF ARMORED CARS disappear DOWN A RAMP...

CAMERA TILTS UP - THE FIRST ATLANTIC TOWER piercing the sky --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC - "LEVERAGING SECURITIZED ASSETS" - DAY

On the stage MALCOLM CONTINUES entertaining the dignitaries.

GLADWELL

I'm coming clean about a phenomenon I will refer to as *pleasure derived from gouging banks*, and I don't have to tell you that's a pleasure almost everyone wants to feel.

CAMERA finds Dave Moore behind Cherry, whispering something.

DAVE MOORE

I have something really big I want to show you.

Cherry stands and they walk away together.

GLADWELL

But this is an excellent segue into what I want to talk to you about today, which is the tension between *truthfulness* and *appropriateness*, what I like to refer to as: *The Four Types of Why*.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SHITBOX CRUISER - FIRST ATLANTIC PLAZA - DAY

The SHITBOX CRUISER pulls up near a line of Town Cars waiting to take conference attendees home. Heavier SECURITY than normal, but SWANN is already out, DUFFEL over his shoulder. And Davis is hurrying to catch up as he crosses the plaza.

DAVIS

You're like some kind of machine, right? Like a robot from space.

SWANN

Government spent a lot training me.
That's all.

MINELLO (OVER RADIO)

*Davis, are you hearing me? Are you
driving in here right now? Davis?*

Swann stops, turns on Davis.

SWANN

Turn that damn thing off.

Davis holds the handset toward Swann.

DAVIS

You try. Try to reach your people.

SWANN

I already did.

DAVIS

And?

SWANN

They think I have brain damage from
an earlier mission. That I'm
delusional.

DAVIS

Are you?

Swann looks at the impenetrable glass tower.

SWANN

That probably depends on who you ask.

DAVIS

Fuck you, answer the question.

SWANN

Davis, I'm going in there and
stopping a nuclear bomb from going
off and I don't need help. I don't
want it. I don't even know why you're
here. Some beat cop with a piece of
shit car and WWII-era walkie-talkie.

Swann heads on toward the entrance. Realizes Davis is
following him. He stops again. Looks at Davis.

SWANN (CONT'D)

I don't want to worry about you.

DAVIS

No piece of technology ever made anyone a better cop. Which is about being smart, about listening. About knowing your people. And your city. No shiny car ever raised a cop's I.Q. a single point. And I'm 100% certain you suck at listening. So we're going in there together and no more of this lone wolf bullshit.

Swann looks at him, reads something in his determination.

SWANN

You got nothing to prove to me.

DAVIS

Yeah, well, you aren't the only one out here, are you?

Swann just turns for the building, but we see the hint of a smile forming as he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC BANK - SECURE CORRIDORS - DAY

Dave Moore places his hand on a reader and doors open. Cherry follows him into a MAZE past OTHER EXECs. In her business Prada, she fits in perfectly. He whispers --

DAVE MOORE

You're my dirty mid-cap analyst. How does that feel?

CHERRY

It feels good, Dan. Good to be a dirty mid-cap analyst.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

The ARMORED TRUCKS circle lower on ramps, passing through a SECURITY CHECKPOINT.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC BANK - DAY

A SOARING ATRIUM. Swann moving toward SECURITY GUARDS, the metal detector and bag check --

SWANN
(re: metal detector)
I have a plate in my head...

But as he reaches the first guard, HE SUDDENLY GRABS HIM,
SPINS HIM, YANKING HIM OVER THE TURNSTILE, the guard's OWN
GUN now at his own head. Swann never stops moving --

SWANN (CONT'D)
And a duffel of high-caliber weapons.
(to the others)
Where's the security office?

Davis sees this GOING SIDEWAYS so fast -- GUARDS TRACKING
SWANN and DAVIS, GUNS COMING UP --

DAVIS
Whoa whoa whoa! NYPD --

SWANN DUCK WALKING HIS GUY AS COVER, never slowing --

SWANN
Security office? Last time --i

GUARDS DRAWING DOWN ---

DAVIS
Same team! Guys, NYPD ---ii

Davis pulling his SHIELD -- More SECURITY ARRIVING. MORE GUNS
ON SWANN AND DAVIS -- Davis seeing SOMEONE HE RECOGNIZES --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Jerry! Jerry Crumpacker. It's Davis,
remember? Police League. Low post--

JERRY CRUMPACKER
Davis, WHAT THE HELL!?

DAVIS
Jerry, could we take a look at your
CCTV feeds. You got a security office
around here? It's important.

A BEAT. Guards look to Crumpacker, who considers.

JERRY CRUMPACKER
Who's this guy?

Davis starts to say, realizes he has no idea what to say.

SWANN
I work at the Y.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

CHERRY at A WALL OF GLASS. DOWN BELOW, traders look up.

FLASH: FROM THE TRADING FLOOR - SILHOUETTE IN GLASS - A PERFECT V OF LONG LEGS -- Then THE WALL OF GLASS GOES OPAQUE.

Dave at A WALL CONTROL. MUSIC. LIGHTS DIM.

DAVE MOORE
Big day for Dave. Dave rings the bell. A new Gold Exchange opens--

Cherry lifts a lipstick, adjusts the red tip. Her look to Dave unmistakable, the power and money and exclusiveness just do it, do it for this dirty mid-cap analyst.

DAVE MOORE (CONT'D)
And this kid from Rumson is never going back to Rumson.

He ROUGHLY FLIPS HER AROUND, pinning her hands to the glass.

BEYOND THEM -- THE FIELD OF TRADERS wait --

Dave LIFTS A REMOTE, surveying his creation, as SHE ARCHES HER BACK, MOANS, while trying to APPLY RED LIPSTICK --

His finger HOVERS OVER THE BUTTON, then PRESSES, RINGING THE BELL -- bringing forth a FRENZY DOWN BELOW.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

ARMORED CARS WAIT for the SECURE LIFT that brings them down to the vault under the First Atlantic Tower.

SECURITY IS HEAVY. A GUARD taps on the window.

GUARD
Russia?

Camera reverses to TULCHENKIN holding papers to the glass --

TULCHENKIN
Transnistria. Six trucks. Making deposit.

GUARD

Looks good. Open the rear for inspection.

OTHER GUARDS are tapping on other driver's windows. And the camera passes THROUGH THE WALL OF THE ARMORED CAR --

INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT - DAY

REVEALING BLACK ZEGNA, ARKADY and two more PARAMILITARY-TYPES, armed to the hilt, all in GAS MASKS.

In every truck, a HIDDEN TEAM. Weapons leveled at the doors.

GUARD (O.S.)

Let's go! Open 'em up --!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE MOORE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cherry TWISTS THE LIPSTICK, EXPOSING THE HYPO and, with a sudden turn, STABS IT into DAVE'S CHEEK --

It DANGLES THERE for a moment. He staggers backwards, surprised, bringing his hand to his face.

He FALLS HEAVILY - paralyzed, can't move, can't speak.

His HEELS drag across the floor. His EYES flick in terror.

She ROUGHLY LIFTS HIM to the SAME ARRAY as in the SAFE HOUSE. JAMS HIS HAND into a PRINT READER. YANKS HIS HEAD UP, WRESTLING AN EYEBALL into a RETINA SCANNER.

Finally SHE PULLS his SWIPE CARD on a RETRACTABLE TETHER and opens the FIRST ATLANTIC SECURITY SYSTEMS as she was taught.

TRADER SCREENS DISAPPEAR and QUANT GUY'S HEAD APPEARS.

QUANT GUY

Scurry scurry, little mouse.

Dave Moore DROPS HARD to the floor. HEELS step over, then return. Cherry into frame. Plants her lips to his forehead.

CHERRY

You'll be able to move again in twelve hours. And that will be up the whole time.

See Dave trying to crane his eyes. On his forehead a SCARLET BOW in PERFECT OUTLINE of CHERRY'S LIPS.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

The GUARD back at Tulchenkin's DRIVER SIDE WINDOW. Tapping. Trying to look in.

GUARD POV -- A GAS MASK looking back at him. PERPLEXING but only for a moment, AS HE FALLS --

His BODY settling beside a nozzle under the truck that SILENTLY WHOOSHES a GAS INTO THE ENCLOSED SPACE.

SIX TRUCK DOORS OPENING - EVERY BANK GUARD IS UNCONSCIOUS.

ANGLE - SUB-BASEMENT SECURITY KIOSK - a GUARD trying frantically to make an alarm work -- NOTHING --

And then ZEGNA in a GAS MASK is at the glass, with a GUN and a COMPRESSION MINE which he attaches to the thick glass --

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Quant Guy SWITCHING IMAGES OF UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS for HIS OWN IMAGES--- QUIET, ORDERLY SUB-BASEMENT from earlier--

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

As Jerry brings up the SAME IMAGES OF THE SUB-BASEMENT --

JERRY CRUMPACKER

Nothing out of the ordinary. Got the Gladwell event. Some kinda gold exchange. Buncha big sticks.

(looking around)

And on the DL we do have a deposit coming in from some Eastern European country I never heard of.

Now they're scrolling the VAST ARRAY OF CAMERAS.

DAVIS

Which country?

SWANN

It'll be Transnistria. Which isn't
actually a country yet. Recognized by
South Ossetia, a couple other places.

Jerry looking at Swann.

JERRY CRUMPACKER

I have to look it up. Hold on--

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC BANK CORRIDORS - DAY

Cherry hurrying down the hallway, passing bankers who pay no
attention to her.

As she STARTS TO RUN, exhilaration, elation --

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING as if by magic.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Cherry hitting buttons. The elevator begins to descend. Down
and down. She's wildly pressing LOBBY over and over.

Finally, the ELEVATOR STOPS.

The doors OPEN, REVEALING -- TULCHENKIN IN A GAS MASK

Who yanks her roughly from the elevator, dragging her across
the sub-basement to the vault lift.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Jerry returns with some paperwork --

JERRY CRUMPACKER

It is. It's that place --

(reading)

Trans... TransNeestria -- but
everything's in order. They're
queuing up in the sub-basement
security area.

SWANN

How do we get down there.

JERRY CRUMPACKER
It's four floors under the parking
garage. If you don't mind walking,
it's quickest to take the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD VAULT - DAY

Establishing a REALLY COOL SET. Like the U.S. FED VAULT if it were in a KUBRICK FILM. GOLD BARS STACKED in clear cages labeled by COUNTRY, INSTITUTION, INDIVIDUAL.

TULCHENKIN LAUGHING at the sight of it, so much wealth, as GOLD BEGINS automatically LOADING into the trucks.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - DAY

Jerry Crumpacker leads Davis and Swann to a SUB-BASEMENT DOOR. He sticks his hand in an INFRARED READER.

INT. FIRST ATLANTIC SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Door OPENS. Jerry Crumpacker is confused. He sees TRUCKS driving UP the ramp out of the deep sub-basement.

TWO TRANSNISTRIAN "GUARDS" in BANK UNIFORMS see Jerry and wave in a friendly way, like they work there, but their weapons are RISING --Swann has FIRED and THE GUARDS FALL.

The LAST ARMORED TRUCK is pulling onto the lift.

JERRY CRUMPACKER
(to Swann and Davis)
Guys. Don't move. No --

But SWANN is RUNNING FOR THE CLOSING LIFT DOOR -- and DAVIS is chasing him, SLIDING THROUGH THE CLOSING DOOR.

JERRY CRUMPACKER (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Hey, what the hell's going on?

NOTHING. He tries different frequencies. At a WALL PHONE --

RECORDING OVER PHONE
Thank you for calling First Atlantic,
please enjoy this music as you wait.

Perky James Newton Howard SCORE from an old Disney film as Jerry turns and sees 10 UNCONSCIOUS BANK GUARDS stacked like cord wood inside the KIOSK.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD VAULT LIFT - DAY

The armored truck's engine is shut off. DRIVER is reflected in the SIDE MIRROR. Swann and Davis are UNDER the truck.

Davis uses his gun BARREL to make a PINGING SOUND on the UNDERCARRIAGE. AGAIN. PING. PING --

DOOR OPENS. DRIVER'S FACE APPEARS UNDER THE TRUCK to find SWANN'S GUN POINTED INTO IT --

His BODY FALLS HEAVILY then is quickly pulled up --

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD VAULT - DAY

Pallets of gold loading into a truck, refracted in Tulchenkin's shades.

BLACK ZEGNA

How long?

TULCHENKIN

Three minutes. The last truck is almost here.

Zegna opens the back of a truck. With help, he lifts out the ROLLING CASE from its lead-lined hiding place. Begins rolling it across the floor toward ANOTHER ROOM.

BLACK ZEGNA

Kill the girl.

Tulchenkin yells to a soldier standing by Cherry who seems to anticipate this moment and leaps on him like a wildcat, startling him, turning his PISTOL at HIM as he FIRES --

She's RUNNING, but there's NOWHERE TO RUN. SOLDIERS watch bemusedly. ONE takes a bead, FIRES A POTSHOT, missing, bullets RICOCHETING.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Quant Guy spins across to his command center when he notices AN IMAGE FROM THE VAULT LIFT -- SEARING WHITE TOP SHOT -- BODY BESIDE THE TRUCK, disappearing into the cab.

QUANT GUY

What's that? What the fuck is that?

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR - LIFT - DAY

Davis and Swann in the cab. The unconscious DRIVER is heaved into the back.

Suddenly the LIFT JERKS TO A STOP. An unnatural SILENCE.

SWANN

Better shoot out the camera in the ceiling. You can use that gun port.

Davis scrambles to get to the port. He BLASTS OUT THE CAMERA and the LIGHTS GO OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY. PITCH BLACK.

SWANN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said camera, not lights.

DAVIS (O.S.)

I hit the damn camera.

Davis has a flashlight, switches it ON.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Tulchenkin tackles Cherry. Dragging her down. Straddles her. Has a KNIFE on his CALF. A big-ass HUNTING KNIFE. Her eyes wide as she struggles. It's futile. He brings the knife up--

QUANT GUY (OVER HEADSET)

Bogeys in lift. One ebony, one ivory.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - LIFT - DAY

Truck lights now on, pointing at THE CLOSED LIFT DOORS. Davis is at the wheel, staring hard --

SWANN

So either we've stopped at the bottom or we're not at the bottom.

DAVIS

If we're not at the bottom, what do you think is through those doors?

SWANN
I have no idea.

Davis starts the truck. Revs it. Pops it into GEAR --

DAVIS
I'd put on that seat belt --

The TRUCK SHOOTS FORWARD, SMASHING INTO THE LIFT DOORS -- and like LANDING IN OZ, the BLINDING WHITE VAULT appears, only --

SIX FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR -- THE TRUCK DROPS -- ROARING and BOUNCING -- as MEN SCATTER --

HAYWIRE POV - Davis WRESTLING FOR CONTROL. TULCHENKIN about to slit CHERRY's THROAT. Davis trying to RUN DOWN Tulchenkin who is DIVING out of the way. Truck OUT OF CONTROL. SLIDING --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Floor's slippery, floor's slippery.

Davis SLAMMING ON THE BREAKS -- TRUCK SLOWLY SPINNING -- HEADING FOR A WALL OF GOLD -- MISSING IT -- HEADING DOWN -- AN ALLEY OF GOLD -- ANOTHER WALL -- UNAVOIDABLE --

INT. VAULT - DAY

TRUCK SLAMS into GOLD, BARS FALLING, DENTING THE FLOOR.

THEN WITH CHERRY as she's FLEEING TOWARD THE OPENING into the OTHER ROOM IN THE VAULT --

INT. SCALE ROOM - VAULT - DAY

ANOTHER VAST ROOM with even MORE GOLD in CAGES, the central feature being a HUGE TRIPLE-BEAM-TYPE SCALE-- As Cherry LOOKS FOR SOMEWHERE TO HID, she realizes SHE'S NOT ALONE--

Zegna hunched over the ROLLING CASE.

The DETONATOR IS OUT, PUSHING ON THE SPINNING INDICATOR, FINDING ITS MATE... ON THE BOMB -- WHICH NOW COMES ALIVE --

INT. VAULT - DAY

SOLDIERS SURROUND THE ARMORED CAR. GUNS LEVELED --

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

BARS STILL FALLING ON THE TRUCK, BANGING IT LIKE A DRUM.

SWANN
There goes the element of surprise.

DAVIS
Quiet and fast.

A TRANSNISTRIAN swings a LARGE CALIBER TOWARD DAVIS. FIRING.
SHELLS HITTING THE GLASS--SPIDER-WEBBING--FROZEN INCHES AWAY--

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'll be damned.

Swann scrambles to the TOP GUN PORT. GOLD EVERYWHERE.

SWANN
I don't think they realize this thing
has gun ports.

He FIRES A BURST 180 DEGREES. TRANSNISTRIAN PARAMILITARY
DROPPING IN AN ARC AROUND THE TRUCK --

DAVIS SCRAMBLING -- LOCKING THE REAR -- THROUGH A PORTHOLE ---
TRANSNISTRIAN FACES trying to SEE IN --

Davis REALIZES there is another GUN PORT at waist level. He
puts the PYTHON in --

DAVIS
You want to come in here, don't you?
Admit it. Yes, you do --

HE DROPS THEM BOTH. Davis and Swann exit the truck --

INT. VAULT - MAZE OF GOLD - DAY

A MAZE OF GOLD. Dizzying. More gold than ever existed betwixt
heaven and hell. Davis signals Swann. Eyes on TULCHENKIN.

Swann GLIMPING ZEGNA through LATTICEWORK OF GOLD -- SURREAL --
-- HEADS MOVING PAST NARROW SLITS OF GOLD -- ZEGNA GONE --
TULCHENKIN APPEARING, DISAPPEARING --

A brief CAT AND MOUSE in a MAZE OF GOLD -- CAMERA WHIRLING --
Tracking DAVIS -- TULCHENKIN -- SWANN -- INSANE GOLD GAME --
DAVIS -- TULCHENKIN with a bead on DAVIS -- SLOW INTAKE, that
SHOOTER'S BREATH -- SQUEEZING TRIGGER -- certain DAVIS DEATH--

SWANN -- FIRING DOWN THE NARROW GAP IN STACKED GOLD --

TULCHENKIN spun by the shot -- BLEEDING. Stumbling through
GLEAMING STACKS OF GOLD.

Davis and Swann looking at each other -- DAVIS sees Arkady
moving away -- as SWANN pursues Tulchenkin -- BLOODY PRINTS
down a GOLD ALLEY--

INT. SCALE ROOM - DAY

CAMERA MOVING FROM ZEGNA'S GUN ON CHERRY toward the opening --
TULCHENKIN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY -- about to speak --
FALLING DEAD --As SWANN appears behind him --

INT. VAULT - DAY

Arkady almost AT THE LIFT. When --

DAVIS

Not another step. Hands behind your
back.

Arkady slows, stops, body completely seemingly relaxed, but
coiled too, reminiscent of Swann's SAS nonchalance --

ARKADY

(without turning)

I don't want to have to kill you,
policeman.

Davis is sort of perplexed by this line of reasoning--

DAVIS

You don't want to kill me?

ARKADY

I let you go once. On the street--

We see a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE SLOWLY DESCEND FROM HIS CUFF --

DAVIS

Hands behind your back--

ARKADY

I saved your partner --

DAVIS, SURPRISED -- THEN STARTLINGLY FAST -- ARKADY MOVING
SIDEWAYS --DUCKING, TWISTING -- DAVIS'S GUN FIRING -- HYPO
FLYING THROUGH SPACE -- BUT DAVIS HAS MOVED TOO -- HYPO
MISSING HIS NECK -- BATTING AT THE HAND -- AS ARKADY IS ON
HIM -- and a KNIFE -- BUT DAVIS is fast and very strong --
knife falling -- gun knocked away --

THEN IT'S ON -- ARKADY'S SYSTEMA VERSUS DAVIS'S STREET --
JUST BASHING THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER -- AND ARKADY'S
GROWING REALIZATION THAT DAVIS IS FORMIDABLE --

INT. SCALE ROOM - DAY

ZEGNA and SWANN fifty feet away from each other. Old
adversaries. Zegna's GUN loosely on Cherry.

Swann looking at the DEVICE at Zegna's feet, almost can't believe it -- IT'S TOO REAL.

SWANN (RUSSIAN)

You brought an RA-135 to New York
like a common psychopath. For what?
To steal some gold?

ZEGNA (RUSSIAN)

My country is starving. Your country
broke it's word.

SWANN

Cry me a fucking river.

Zegna's GUN SWINGS from Cherry and, WITHOUT WARNING, HE AND SWANN SHOOT, WINGING EACH OTHER in the SHOULDER --

Cherry scrambles toward Swann --

INT. VAULT - DAY

ARKADY ATTACKING, Davis BACKING UP -- Arkady PULLING an aerosol from his DR. DEATH BELT -- Davis CLUBBING him in the shoulder with a bar of gold -- AEROSOL FLYING -- POUNDING him in the face, ROBERTO DURAN TIME -- Arkady slowly smiling -- pulling a loose tooth. Nodding at Davis. It's ON AGAIN --

INT. SCALE ROOM - DAY

Cherry now at Swann's side, clinging to him --

CHERRY (IN RUSSIAN)

Kill him. Kill him now, Swann --

ZEGNA

She is something, I do admit. Fine
Russian spirit. Careful though, they
bring down empires.

Swann pushes Cherry out of the way.

SWANN

I'm not an empire, I'm just me.

(re: the bomb)

It's over. Turn it off.

Zegna looks down at the case. Seeming to consider.

ZEGNA

You do it.

Zegna gives it a hard shove. The BOMB slides ACROSS THE VAULT UNTIL IT STOPS at SWANN'S FEET -- :58, 57, :56...

Zegna sees SWANN STRUGGLE, sees he CAN'T REMEMBER the code.

ZEGNA (CONT'D)

Yes, here we are: I remember the code and you don't. If you kill me, New York is Hiroshima. If you don't kill me, New York is Hiroshima. This, as they say, is a conundrum.

TIGHTER on SWANN staring -- TIGHTER on ZEGNA --

SWANN

Why?

Zegna considers Swann. You can tell he respects him. Maybe the only person left on earth he actually does respect.

ZEGNA

I meant to follow orders, I really did. But I kept coming back to the children freezing to death in winter while here there is a big party. And I kept seeing the money men aloof in a tower of gold, I kept seeing them in Brooklyn with the young Ukrainian girls. And these seemingly unrelated systems - the dying children, the cold trillion, the warm nobody girls - are the same system. And I don't want to be a part of it any longer.

SWANN

Disable the bomb and you can walk out of here.

ZEGNA

I don't think so.

AT THAT MOMENT -- ARKADY AND DAVIS TUMBLE INTO THE ROOM -- STILL FIGHTING -- and then the MOMENTOUSNESS OF THE MOMENT STOPS THEM, TOO -- STARING AT THE TIMER -- as --

Swann takes in the scene. DEAD TULCHENKIN. Davis and Arkady just beat to shit. Zegna holding his injured shoulder and the gun. Swann's OWN BLOOD POOLING ON THE WHITE FLOOR. He looks at Cherry and smiles. She just stares like WHAT THE FUCK?

AT SWANN'S FEET -- TIMER READS -- :38, :37, :36...

Arkady staring at it, stunned. He looks at Zegna.

ZEGNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Zegna turns to Swann and EVERYONE ELSE FALLS AWAY.

TIGHTER on ZEGNA'S EYES; SWANN'S EYES. NEITHER BLINKS. A SILENT AGREEMENT.

Zegna gives the SLIGHTEST NOD. As Swann gives THE BOMB a SOLID, SLOW SHOVE with his foot ---

IT SLIDES, SEEMING TO SLOW AS IT REACHES THE MID-POINT BETWEEN THE TWO MEN --

BOTH MEN'S GUNS are UP LIKE LIGHTNING -- TWO SHOTS ---

Cherry's EYES SHUT TIGHT. Davis's WHIP BACK AND FORTH--

SWANN SLOWLY PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS STOMACH as BLOOD SEEPS--

ZEGNA STOCK STILL for a beat when his entire CHEST FLOWERS IN RED and he COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR --

THE NUKE SLOWLY STOPS NEAR ZEGNA'S BODY. TIMER is down to :35, :34, :33...

DAVIS

Turn off the bomb, man. Turn it off.

Swann staggers to ZEGNA -- nudges his gun away from his hand.

SWANN

What is the code?

ZEGNA

No.

Swann POINTS HIS GUN at Zegna's head. He freezes.

ON SWANN'S EYES -- HIS POV --

A GREY WOLF STARES UP AT HIM.

Wanting out of its misery -- FINGER TIGHTENING ON TRIGGER --

ALL THEIR FACES -- WE'RE GOING TO DIE --

And SWANN relaxing his gun, turning away from Zegna --

ZEGNA (CONT'D)

*You can't change your nature, Swann.
You're a wolf, too.*

ZEGNA DIES.

Timer at :20 SECONDS... THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO.

CHERRY MAKES A DECISION: what she wants to be doing if she's got 20 seconds to live. And what she wants is to KISS SWANN. Who raises his bloody hands and kisses her back.

WIDE: THE WHITE VAULT -- THE BLOODY KISS -- DAVIS, ARKADY -- ON SWANN AND CHERRY -- TIGHTER ON SWANN -- SHE PULLS BACK -- LOOKING AT HIM -- And it's LOVE --

CHERRY
Now what, *friend*?

And JUST LIKE THAT -- EVERYTHING GOES SIDEWAYS, THE STEP-SHUTTER, the WORLD CHUNKING EVER MORE SLOWLY -- but now THE CRAZY FRAGMENTATION COALESCE INTO --

CYRILLIC CODE HERE

HANGING IN SPACE. CLEAR AS A BELL there for Swann to RING.

SWANN IS AT THE NUKE ENTERING THE CODE as fast as he can. THE TIMER continues DOWN-- :11, :10, :09 --

The last of the code being entered -- as he's reaching for the OFF BUTTON -- A BELL RINGS -- COUNTDOWN FROZEN -- :02 -- Then UTTER SILENCE --

A beat. And they're all looking at each other, just VIBRATING from how close it really was --

DAVIS
(re: Zegna)
He was wrong
(beat)
People can change.

And Arkady is looking at Davis, both of them still out of breath from the fight, and he slowly raises his hands --

ARKADY
I give up. Where did you learn to fight? Where did you train? Quantico? Langley?

DAVIS
Harlem in the nineties. Shit was insane.

And see Swann looking at Davis, looking at the man who fought Darth Vader to a draw.

CUT TO LIGHT:

EXT. FIRST ATLANTIC - DAY

BRIGHT EXTERIOR LIGHT AS SWANN, CHERRY AND DAVIS seem to MATERIALIZE at the top of the PARKING RAMP...

ORDINARY LIFE continues all around, oblivious to the danger. Except a bit of GUARDED CURIOSITY FOR --

THE BLACK STEALTH HELICOPTERS IN THE PLAZA.

And MEN HOLDING WEAPONS never seen before. And they all LOOK A BIT LIKE SWANN, casually dressed, nondescript, but dangerous and smart.

Then SWANN is taking in a couple of the soldiers --

SWANN
Tucker... Hank...

HANK
Swann, hey.

IT'S SWANN'S OLD OUTFIT.

DAVIS
You know these guys? 'Course, you do.

And THERE'S JIM crossing toward them.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
It's Mr. No-Name --

SWANN
Davis, this is Jim. Jim, this is Davis. And Ksenia.

Cherry/Ksenia gives a charming little curtsy.

JIM
Where is it?

SWANN
Where's what?

JIM
The RA-135.

Swann feigns ignorance then points down.

SWANN
Deactivated.
(proudly)
Last of the RA-135's, too.

JIM
And Bogrov?

SWANN
Sadly, he didn't make it.

JIM
Tulchenkin?

Shakes his head. Swann gives a slow look to Davis --

SWANN
This guy fought Satarov to a draw.

Jim looks at Davis as if seeing him for the first time.

DAVIS
I'd say technically I won. I'd have
to see the judge's cards anyway.

Swann is bleeding heavily. MEDICS APPROACH. And they take
Swann away. Cherry doesn't know what to do. She's left
standing there as Swann is SHUT IN the AMBULANCE.

As Jim puts his arm around Davis --

JIM
We need to have a little talk, the
two of us.

DAVIS
Yeah? About what?

JIM
About how this never happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT HAMILTON V.A. - BROOKLYN - DAY

The "campus" of the V.A. Facility at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn,
near the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. Vets passing this way and
that on a sunny day.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A long room filled with INJURED VETS working on various types
of rehabilitation. TVs showing cable news -- a FOX NEWS
SEGMENT on "HURTING WALL STREET."

FOX COMMENTATOR (ON TV)
*I think you really see the suffering,
the belt tightening, when you look at
a lot of these guys who really won't
be getting a bonus this year.*

And FIND Swann doing exercises with the COGNITIVE THERAPIST.

SWANN
5:08... 5:01... 4:54... 4... 4:47 --

The cognitive therapist is pleased with his progress.

SWANN (CONT'D)
1:41 --

DAVIS (O.S.)
Be doing long division next...

See Davis approaching, wearing street clothes --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Fractions. Quadratic equation. All
that useless shit.

The therapist moves off to work with ANOTHER VET.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I got two pieces of news.
(beat)
Notice anything different?

Swann looks at him. Not sure what it is.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm wearing street clothes, man.

Davis pulls his jacket revealing an NYPD DETECTIVE SHIELD.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You're looking at *Detective Davis*.

Swann smiles. He's happy for him, but also aware he's stuck
in here counting.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Don't you want to know my other piece
of news?
(beat)
Got one for you, too.

Davis tosses ANOTHER SHIELD to SWANN. Who catches it. He
looks at it. He looks at Davis. He's moved by this gesture.

SWANN

You know I still have, I have these seizures... You know that, right?

DAVIS

With your skill set, I think you could be in a coma and still clean up Brooklyn.

Swann looks at him a beat, looks out the window. At the city. At Brooklyn. At the other VETS, some missing hands, some legs, some with plates in their heads just like him.

ON TV: Images OF HOMES, PRIVATE SCHOOLS, LATE MODEL WAGONS.

FOX COMMENTATOR (ON TV)

Don't forget these are men and women who have private school tuitions and mortgages. They're making sacrifices.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOREFRONT YMCA - DAY

The upbeat, community place. SIGNS in RUSSIAN and ENGLISH. See the weight room where JUAN is wiping down the machines.

JUAN

So here's how I saved New York. You don't believe me? Okay, there's a member here - very exclusive club, the Y - and he's looking at Mr. Hemp Shoes for some help and I'm like, "that guy, no way. He's a manager." And this guy he goes and writes it up on Yelp. And Mr. Hemp Shoes gives us a big lecture. So I'm talking no smart ass comment from Juan, no post on YELP, no big lecture and no --

FLASH: SWANN SAYING, "I THINK I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF."

JUAN (CONT'D)

Which means no emergency protocol, Which means no Orange Julius, no rowboat, no smoking out in the sunshine. Which also means no Alias, and certainly no sitting there when --

FLASH: SWANN'S APARTMENT, THE SCREAM FROM THE EMPTY LOT.

JUAN (CONT'D)
So my boy doesn't go out there,
doesn't see the girl, save the girl,
get the case. Nope, not a damn bit of
that happens without yours truly
standing there saying ---

FLASH: JUAN AT THE SHADE: "SOMEBODY SHOULD DO SOMETHING."

JUAN (CONT'D)
That's straight Pippen to Jordan
right there...

As CAMERA FINDS through glass ANOTHER ROOM where BABIES are
crawling around on mats. A sign: "RIE CLASS FOR NEW PARENTS."

And FIND ARKADY holding his baby girl as DEB looks on.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER - DAY

Dennis and William H. Tobey sit in DENNIS'S BOSS'S OFFICE.

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
It was Razoronov, start to finish.
He's blaming it on a rogue Colonel,
Bogrov, but it was our old friend.

DENNIS
What do think we should do?

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
Well, we can kill him, definitely can
do that, but then one of his wing-nut
sons will take over, and tell a lot
of scary stories about the perils of
nuclear disarmament. Probably be a
lot worse.

DENNIS
What are you proposing?

WILLIAM H. TOBEY
Well, squinting a bit, he did turn
over all of his weapons. I suppose
it's not too much of a stretch here
to say he honored his side of a tough
bargain... I actually think it's
welcome to NATO, President Razoronov.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN GROTTO - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE- DAY

President Timur Razoronov enters an underground room and it's easy to tell this is one of his favorite things to do.

CAMERA COMES AROUND -- REVEALING -- BARS OF GOLD -- AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Swann is walking. We're on his face. He's going up steps. He comes to a door. He has a key. He unlocks the door.

CHERRY is there. RADIANT. And we see she has DINNER FOR TWO on the dinette --

And Swann has a small GIFT which he now pulls from behind his back. On her face we see this is the greatest trick anyone has ever done.

And as the CAMERA STARTS PULLING AWAY, WE HEAR HER SAY --

CHERRY
Darling, I missed you.

And as the door is shutting, the camera is REVEALING --

The "SEA AND SHELL MOTEL" -- NEON SIGN flickering -- One LETTER keeps going in and out --

"SEA AND SHELL MOTE" --

"AND SHELL MOTEL" --

"SHELL MOTE" --

"MOTEL" --

"MOTE" --

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END